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INDIVISIBLE.

BY JANE C. SIMPSON.

A moment face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes
That trembling glowed through unshed tears
Born of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell!

For as two roseate clouds unite
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
These twain had softly merged in one.

They might be severed from pole to pole,
Might live through all the years apart;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart?

He carved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced,
Bending to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, thought else. High heart and mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour and stayed behind!

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
Thus face to face 'twas theirs to stand,
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

O gift of gifts! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

II.—[*Continued.*]

Poor Claire! Her husband, her father were about to be humbled in her. It would be necessary to acknowledge the failure of the one, the breaking up of that house which the other had founded and of which he had been so proud in his lifetime. This thought that she would have to defend all that she loved most in the world constituted her strength and at the same time her weakness.

It was eleven o'clock when she arrived at Savigny. As she had not notified any one of her visit, the carriage of the Chateau was not at the depot and she was forced to make her way on foot.

The cold was biting, the road hard and dry. The north wind whistled at its will on the arid plains and upon the river, whence it swept without obstacle through the trees, the leafless groves. Under the cloudy sky, the Chateau appeared unrolling its long line of little walls and of hedges which separated it from the surrounding fields. The slates of the roofs were sombre as the sky which they reflected; and all that magnificent summer residence transformed by winter, rough, silent, without a leaf on its trees or a pigeon upon its tiles, seemed to have kept nothing of life except the damp shivering of its pieces of water, and the wall of its tall poplars which beat down one towards the other, shaking the nests of the magpies among the branches in their tops.

From afar, Claire found in the dwelling of her youth a harsh and melancholy air. It seemed to her that Savigny saw her come with the cold, aristocratic face which it had for the passers-by of the broad highway stopped by the lance-heads of its grates.

Oh, cruel face of things!

And yet, no, not so cruel. For with its aspect of closed house, Savigny seemed to say to her: "Go away—enter not." And if she had wished to listen to it, Claire, renouncing her project of speaking with the grandfather, would have returned very quickly to Paris to preserve the repose of her life. But she did not understand, the poor child, and already the great Newfoundland which had investigated her, had arrived with a bound among the dead leaves and was panting at the gate of entrance.

"Good day, Francoise. Where is good papa?" asked the young wife of the female gardener who had come to let her in, humble, false, trembling like all the domestics of the Chateau when they felt themselves under the eye of the master.

Good papa was in his office, a little pavilion independent of the main house, where he passed his days rummaging among papers, pigeon-holes, great books with green backs, with that madness of authority which had come to him from his original ignorance and from the fantastic impression which the study of the notary of his village had made upon him in the old days.

At that moment, he was shut up there in company with his guard, a kind of moral spy, a hired informer who kept him posted on everything which took place and was said in the vicinity.

He was the favorite of his master. He called himself Fouinat (ferret) and had exactly the head flattened, crafty and bloodthirsty appropriate to his name.

On seeing his granddaughter enter, pale

THE OLD BLACK-SMITH SHOP.

and trembling beneath her furs, the old man understood that something grave and unusual had taken place, and made a sign to Fouinat who disappeared, thrust himself through the half-opened door, as if he had vanished into the wall itself.

"What is the matter with you, little one? You are altogether *perturbee*?" said the grandfather, seated behind his immense desk.

Perturbee in the Berri dictionary signifies troubled, bewitched, changed, and it applied perfectly to Claire. Her rapid walk in the cold air of the plain, the effort that she had made to come there, had given to her face, less set than ordinarily, an unwonted expression. Without the least encouragement in the world from him she embraced him and seated herself before the fire, in which logs, surrounded with dry moss, with pine cones gathered up in the walks of the park, burned with noises of life, with crackings of sap. She did not even take time to shake off the frost which sparkled on her veil and spoke immediately, faithful to her resolution of telling, as soon as she had entered, the motive of her visit, before allowing herself to be influenced by the atmosphere of fear and of respect which hedged in the grandfather, made him a sort of formidable god.

She had need of courage in order not to grow confused, in order not to break down before that sharp look which was fixed on her, animated from her first words by a wicked joy, before that ferocious mouth the corners of which, hard pressed together, seemed closed by wished for dumbness, prejudice, the negation of all tenderness. She went from one feature even to the cruel, respectful without cringing, biding her emotion, inspiring her voice by the force of truth in her recital. Verily to see them thus the one facing the other, he cold, calm, stretched out in his arm-chair, his hands in the pockets of his grey flannel waistcoat, she attentive to the least words that she pronounced, as if each one had the power to condemn her or to expel her, never would one have said she was a child before her grandfather, but rather an accused woman before her interrogating judge.

All his thoughts were full of joy, of the pride of his triumph. At last they were conquered, those proud Fromonts. They had yet need of that old Gardinois. Vanity, his dominant passion, overflowed despite himself in all his attitude. When she had finished, he began to speak in his turn, commented naturally with "I was certain of it." I had said it. I knew well that all this would be seen in the end," and continued in the same vulgar and wounding tone, to finish by declaring that according to his principles well known in the family, he would not lend a son.

Then Claire spoke of her infant of the name of her husband which was at the same time the name of her father and which bankruptcy was about to dishonor. The old man remained still cold, still implacable, and profited by her humiliation to humiliate her still further, for he was of that race of good conditioners who, when the enemy has fallen, never quit him without leaving the nails of their shoes marked upon his face.

"All that I can say to you, little one, is that Savigny expects to you that your husband can come here. I am glad now in want of a secretary. Well, George shall attend to my writings with twelve hundred francs a year and food for his family. Offer him this on my part," said he.

She rose up indignantly. She had come as his daughter and he had received her as a beggar. Thank God! they were not yet there.

"Do you think so?" said M. Gardinois with a little wink of his ferocious eyes.

Trembling, Claire walked towards the door without response. The old man detained her with a gesture.

"Take care, you do not know what you refuse. Deign your interests understand me with that I have proposed that your husband shall come here. You do not know the life that he is leading in the city. You do not know it, very surely, were it not so you would not have come to ask for my money that it may go where yours has gone. Ah! I am posted in your man's affairs. I have my police in Paris and even at Asnieres, at Saujon. I know what he does with his nights and his days, that paladinous, and I desire that my son should go in the places where he goes. That would not be altogether proper for money honorably gained."

Claire opened her astonished eyes, enlarged with agony, feeling immediately that a terrible drama was enfolding into her life through the little low door of dependance. The old man continued with a chuckle:

"She has cruel milk teeth, that little Sidonie!"

"Sidonie!"

"Well, it can't be helped. I have spoken the name. Besides, you would have known it one day or another. I'm very astonished that since the time that you women are so vain. That one could devote you a about the last idea to come into your heads. Ah, well, yes. 'Tis Sidonie who has stolen everything from him, with the consent of her husband, for that matter.

And without pity he told the young wife from whence had come the money for the house at Asnieres, for the horses, for the carriages, how their pretty little nest in the Avenue Gabriel was furnished. He explained, particularized all minutely. It was plain that having had a new occasion to exercise his mania for *espionnage*, he had largely profited by it; perhaps also there was vaguely at the bottom of all this a secret fury against his little Chebe, the spite of a senile love which had ever remained unavowed.

Claire heard him without a word, with a superb smile of incredulity. This smile excited the old man, spurred on his malice. Ah! you do not believe me. Ah! you want proofs. And he gave them, piled them up, stabbed her through and through the heart with knife-strokes. She had only to visit Darchea, the jeweler of the Rue de la Paix. Fifteen days ago, George had purchased of him a diamond necklace for thirty thousand francs. 'Twas Sidonie's New Year's gift. Thirty thousand francs for diamonds, at the moment of failure!

He might have talked the entire day without any interruption from Claire. She felt that her least effort would cause to overflow the tears with which her eyes were filled, and she wished to smile on the contrary, to smile even to the end, the dear and valiant creature. From time to time, however, she cast a sidelong glance at the highway. She was eager to go out, to fly the sound of that wicked voice which pursued her pitilessly.

Finally he stopped, he had said every thing. She bowed and moved towards the door.

"Are you going? In what a hurry you are," said the grandfather following her into the open air.

In his heart, he was a little ashamed of his ferocity.

"You will not take breakfast with me?"

She shook her head no, not having the strength to speak.

"Wait a while until they hitch up the horses—they shall take you to the depot."

No, always, no.

And she continued to walk with the old man at her heels.

Erect, proud, she traversed thus the court yard full of the souvenirs of infancy, without once turning around. And notwithstanding that echoes of hearty laughter, that the sunshine of her youthful years remained in the most minute grain of gravel in that court yard.

Her tree, her favorite bench were still in their old places. She had not a look for them, nor for the pheasants of the aviary, nor even for the great dog Kiss which followed her with docility, expecting the caress that was not given. She had entered like a child of the house, she came out like a stranger, with frightful preoccupations which the least recall of her happy and calm past would only have further aggravated.

"Adieu, grandfather."

"Adieu, then."

And the door was closed roughly upon her. Once alone, she began to walk quickly, quickly, almost to run. She did not walk, she fled. Suddenly, on arriving at the extremity of the wall of the property, she found herself before that little green gate surrounded with glycines and honeysuckles where was the goat station of the Chateau. Instinctively she paused, struck by one of those swift as sketchings of memory which are effected in us at decisive hours and bring back under our eyes with great clearness the least acts of our lives having hearing on the present catastrophes or joys. Was it the oblique and rosy sun which showed itself all at once, lighting up the immense plain on that winter afternoon as in August at the hour of setting? Was it the silence which surrounded her, traversed only by those harmonious sounds of nature, almost alike at all seasons?

Whatever it was she saw herself again such as she had been at that same place, three years before the day when she had put in the post the letter inviting Sidonie to come pass a month with her in the country. Something told her that all her misfortunes dated from that moment. "Ah! if I had known, if I had known." And she imagined that she still felt at the tips of her fingers the satin envelope ready to fall in the box.

Then, as she thought of the child, innocent, hopeful and happy that she was at that moment, indignation rose in her, in her so gentle, against the injustice of life. She asked herself: "Why is it thus? What have I done?"

Then, with a burst. "No it is not true. It is not possible. I have been told lies." And as she continued her journey to the depot, the unfortunate sought in vain to convince herself, to become certain. But she could not accomplish it.

The truth daily seen is like those veiled suns which fatigue the eyes by much more than the most ardent rays. In the paladinously which still surrounded her mysterious, the poor woman saw more clearly than she desired. Now she no longer believed, she explained to herself the particulars of the life of her husband, his absences, his ingenuities, his embarrassed airs on certain days, and was astonished that she had not divined, that abundance of details which he gave in relation to his appointments before him as people who have not to ask of him. In all those explanations the accent of the fault was set little before her. Nevertheless she yet refused to believe a word, and waited to reach Paris that she might doubt no longer.

There was nobody at the depot, a little depot, isolated and melancholy, where never a traveler showed himself in winter. Whilst Claire was there seated to await the train, looking vaguely at the mournful garden of

the chief of the depot and at those remains of climbing plants running all along the barriers of the road, she felt upon her glove a warm and damp breath. "It was her friend Kiss that had followed her and that recalled to her their joyous times in the past, with frisking, restrained bounds, a joy full of humility terminated by a greeting out of all his usual full white coat, at the feet of his mistress, upon the cold floor of the waiting-room. Touched by this attention, which had meant to work her like a timid and devoted sympathy, caused the sole that she had kept back for so long to burst out. But in a second she had subdued all of her emotions. She arose in her feet, sent home the dog, sent it home pitilessly, with a gesture, with her voice, pointing out to it the house from afar, with a cross face that the poor Kiss was not acquainted with. Afterwards she wiped very quickly her eyes and her humid hands; for the Paris train was coming and she knew that in a moment she would have need of all her courage.

Claire's first care on descending from the train was to cause herself to be taken to the shop of that jeweler of the Rue de la Paix, who had—according to the grandfather's story—furnished George with a set of diamonds. If that were true, all the rest would be also. Her fear of harming the fruit was so great that once there, before that luxe urbain repository of secrets, she stopped, not daring to enter. To give herself countenance, she appeared very attentive to looking at the jewels scattered upon the velvet of the caskets; and to see her, elegant in her discret costume, leaning towards that trifling and attractive sparkling, one might have taken her for a happy wife about to choose some ornament, much more easily than for a dolorous and troubled soul coming to search on them the secret of her life.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. In winter at that moment of the day, the Rue de la Paix has a look truly dazzling. Between the short and pressed hours, the quickly coming evening line is hastened in such luxurious quarters. 'Tis a coming and going of rapid carriages, an uninterrupted rolling, and upon the sides also a requentish speed, a collision of silk, of furs. Nature is the true season of Paris. To see it beautiful, happy, opulent, this devilish Paris, it must be looked at living under a cloudy sky, heavy with snow. Nature is, so to speak, absent from the picture. Neither wind nor sun. Just enough light for the dulled colors, the least reflections to take an admirable significance, from the brown-grey tones of the monuments even to the jet pearls which bedeck a feminine toilet. The posters of the theatres, of the concerts, glitter, as if illuminated by the splendors of the footlights. The stores do not grow empty. It seems as if all the people circulate for preparations for perpetual fetes. Hence if there is a grief which mingles itself with this noise, with this commotion, it appears much more frightful on that account. For five minutes Claire suffered a martyrdom worse than death. In the country, upon the Savigny road, in the immensity of the solitary plains, her despair had scattered itself through the fresh air and had appeared to take up less room. Here it suffocated her. The voice which sounded near her, the steps, the unconscious grazing of the promenaders, all augmented her torture.

Finally she entered.

"Oh! yes, Madame, perfectly—Monsieur Fromont—a necklace of pure and rose diamonds. We can make you a similar one for twenty five thousand francs."

That was five thousand francs less than he had paid.

"Thank you, Monsieur," said Claire. "I will think it over."

A mirror in front of her, in which she saw her eyes surrounded with circles and her cheek like pallor, filled her with fear. She went out quickly, stiffening herself so as not to fall.

She had but one idea, to escape from the street, from the noise; to find herself alone, all alone, that she might plunge herself, sink herself into that gulf of scathing thoughts, of black objects which whirled in the depths of her soul. Oh! the coward, the wretch! And she, the past night, had consoled him, had folded him in her arms!

Suddenly, without knowing how it had been done, she saw herself in the court-yard of the manufactory. What route had she taken? Had she come on foot or by carriage? She could recall nothing about it. She had acted unconsciously, as in a dream. The sentiment of the reality returned to her, cruel and sharp, on arriving at the steps of her little hotel. Risler was there superintending the transportation to his wife's apartments of boxes of flowers for the splendid fete she was to give that evening. With his habitual calmness, he directed the workmen, lifted up the high branches which they might have broken: "Not that way. Pass it horizontally. Look out for the carpet."

That atmosphere of pleasure and of fete, which had made her so heart-sick a short time before, had followed her even to her dwelling. 'Twas too much irony, at the close! She rebelled against it; and whilst Risler saluted her, affectionate and full of respect as ever, she had upon her face an immense expression of disgust, and passed straight without speaking to him, without seeing the astonishment which opened wide his great good eyes.

From that moment her plan was resolved upon.

Anger, the anger of honesty and of justice, was about to make her act.

She scarcely took the time to enter, to pat the head of the fat infant, and ran to the chamber of her mother.

"Quick, mamma, dress yourself. We are going—we are going."

The aged lady rose up slowly from the fauteuil upon which she was seated, greatly occupied with cleaning her watch-chain by inserting a pin between each link with infinite precautions. Claire restrained a movement of impatience.

"Come, come, quick. Get ready your things."

Her voice trembled, and the chamber of the poor maniac seemed odious to her, all glistening with that neatness which little by little had become a madness. 'Tis that she found herself in one of those singular moments in which one illusion lost makes you lose them all, permits you to see human misery even to its utmost depths. Between the mother half cut off from all by the Russ unfaithful, the infant too young, the consciousness of her isolation came to her for the first time; but that only strengthened her in her resolutions.

In a moment, the whole house was occupied with preparations for this departure so prompt, so unforeseen. Claire hurried the confused people, dressed her mother and the laughing infant in all the noise. She wished to depart before George's return that on his arrival he might find the cradle empty and the house deserted. Where would she go? She knew nothing about that yet. Perhaps to her aunt at Orleans, perhaps to Savigny, no matter where. That which was requisite before all was to depart, to flee from this neighborhood of treasons and of lies.

At that moment she was in her chamber packing a trunk, heaping up her effects. Of sudden occupation. Each object that she displaced stirred up in her worlds of thoughts, of remembrances. There is so much of ourselves in all that we make use of. Sometimes the perfume of a sachet, the pattern of a piece of lace suffused to bring tears to her eyes. Suddenly, a heavy step resounded in the room of the door of which was half open; then, somebody coughed feebly on it to give notice that a visitor was present. She thought that it was Risler, for he alone had the right to enter her apartments with such familiarity. The idea of finding herself again before that hypocritical face, that lying smile, drying her tears at once, she threw herself forward toward the door.

"I am not at home for anybody."

The door resisted, and the spacious head of Sigismond Planus appeared in the opening.

"Tis I, Madame," said he coldly. "I have come for the money."

"What money?" demanded Claire, who no longer comprehended why she had come to daylight.

"Christ! The funds for my payments of to-morrow. M. George, on going out, told me that you would deliver them to me presently."

"Oh! yes—'tis true—the hundred thousand francs. I have them not, Monsieur Planus. That's nothing."

"Then," said the cashier with a strange sound of voice, as if he were talking to himself; "then 'tis a failure!"

And he turned about slowly.

Failure!

She sat down, frightened, overwhelmed. For some hours, the ruin of her happiness had appeared her regret that of the firm; but she remembered it now.

So her husband was ruined.

Shortly, on returning, he would learn his disgrace and he would desert as the first time that his wife and his child had just gone away, that he remained alone in the midst of the wreck.

All at once, that being so effeminate, so weak, who knew only to weep, to complain, to shake his fist at life, like a child! What would become of him, the unfortunate?

She pulled herself up with a bit of orient.

Then the idea came to her of having flown before failure, want.

George might say to himself:

"If I had been rich, she would have pardoned me!"

Ought she to leave him this doubt?

For a soul generous and proud, like that of Claire, it does not take much to change a resolution. On the moment, there took place in her an assuaging of all her disgusts, of all her revolts, like a sudden light which instructed her better in her duty. When they came to say to her that the infant was dressed, the trunks ready, her new decision was taken.

"To unless," responded she smilingly, "we are not going away."

III.

THE DAY OF PAYMENT.

The great clock of Saint Gervais told that it was an hour after midnight. It was so cold that the snow, solidified through the air, froze in falling, and piled itself up on the pavements all white and crackling.

Risler, wrapped in his cloak, was returning gaily from the brewery through the deserted Marais. He was content, the good Risler. He had been celebrating, in company with his two faithful borrowers, Chebe and Delobelle, his first freedom, the out of that interminable seclusion in which he had superintended the manufacture of his printing press, with all the trials, the joys and the disappointments of an inventor. It had been long, very long. At the last moment a defect had been found. The nippers did not work well; and it was necessary to recommence the plans, the devices. Finally, that very day, the new machine had been tried. Everything had worked to his satisfaction. The resolute man had triumphed. It seemed to him that he was about to pay a debt, in giving to the house of Fromont the benefit of a new invention, which would diminish the toil, the work days, and double the profits and the renown of the manufactory. Thus he indulged in sweet dreams as he walked. His step echoed proudly, accentuated by his happy train of thought.

What projects, what hopes!

He should have the power to replace the chalet of Asnieres—which Sidonie had commenced to think insignificant—with some beautiful country-seat ten or fifteen leagues away from Paris; to accord to Mlle Chebe a pension somewhat larger; to more frequently oblige Delobelle, whose unhappy wife was killing herself with work; finally he should have the power to bring back Frantz. That was his dearest wish. He thought without ceasing of that poor child exiled in an unhealthy country, at the mercy of an administration tyrannical in the extreme, which sent off its employes only to recall them almost immediately without explanation; for Risler had ever at heart the abrupt and unaccountable departure of his brother at his last visit, and that brief apparition of Frantz which, without giving him time to possess him, had revived all his memories of affection and of his early life in common. Hence he counted, when the printing press should be in a successful operation, upon finding in the manufactory a little corner in which Frantz could utilize himself and carve out a bright future. As at all times, Risler only thought of the good of others. His sole ambition was to see each one around him smile.

Hastening along, he arrived at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Haudrettes. A long row of carriages was stationed before the house, and the gleam of their lanterns in the street, the shadows of the coachmen covering the snow in the out of the way corners, in the angles which these old mansions have kept despite the straight line of the pavements, animated this silent and deserted quarter.

"Hold! 'tis true," thought the happy man; "we have a ball at our house." He recalled that Sidonie had given a grand musical and dancing soiree, from which she had excused herself, engaging on her part in his much engaged." In the midst of his projects, of his visions of generous riches, this fete, the echo of which reached his ears, rejoiced him and made him proud. With a certain solemnity, he pushed aside the heavy gate, half-open for the coming and going of the guests, and there, from the bottom of the garden, he saw the great windows where he dwelt, splendidly illuminated.

Shadows passed and repassed behind the floating veils of the curtains; the orchestra, distinguished in the ebb and flow of mad fellof melody, seemed to follow the movement of these furtive apparitions. They were dancing. A moment Risler stood at this phantasmagoria of the ball, and in a little apartment contiguous to the salon he recognized the silhouette of Sidonie.

She was standing in her fine toilet in the attitude of a pretty woman before her mirror. Behind her a smaller shadow, without doubt Madame Dobson, was repairing some disorder of her dress, the knot of a ribbon fastened to her neck, the long, floating ends of which hung down over the graceful flow of her train. All this was very vague, but the grace of the woman showed itself in these lines so faintly marked, and Risler lingered a long while to admire her.

On the floor below the contrast was striking. There was no light except a little lamp within the lilac curtains of the bedchamber. Risler remarked this, and, as the infant Fromont had left some days before, he became disquieted, recalled the singular agitation of Madame George when she passed rapidly by him in the afternoon, and glanced hastily into the lodge of Père Achille to learn something further.

The lodge was full. Coachmen were standing themselves around the fire, gossiping and taking hurried tin strokes of their pipes. When Risler appeared there was a sudden silence, a curious, deceptive, inquisitive chuckle. They had been talking of him.

"Is the infant Fromont still sick?" he asked.

"No. It is not the infant. It is the father."

"Monsieur Claude is sick?"

"Yes: he was taken ill when he came in this evening. I go for a doctor immediately—he said it would amount to nothing, that Monsieur had need only of rest."

And as the door closed after Risler, Père Achille added in a low voice, with that insolence of inferiority, half fearful, half audacious, which wishes to be listened to while scarcely heard:

"Ah! bah! they are not so well in train for a jollification at Fromont's as at Risler's!"

This is what had taken place:

Fromont senior, on returning that evening, had found his wife with a look so wounded, so changed, that he at once foresaw a catastrophe. However, he had purposed his treason for two years with such impunity that he did not think for a moment that his wife could be informed of his conduct. "Claire, for her part, not wishing to create a scene before him, had the generosity to speak only of Savigny.

"Grandfather was not willing," said she.

The unhappy man grew frightfully pale. "I say that grandfather" he repeated two or three times with feverish wildness; and his sleepless nights, a terrible and last scene he had had with Sidonie to prevent her from going to Savigny, that series of misfortunes which scotches and persuades. There was in her gestures, in the fashion in which she arranged the pillow under the sick man's head, in the anxious solicitude which already instructed her better in her duty. When they came to say to her that the infant was dressed, the trunks ready, her new decision was taken.

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He should have the power to replace the chalet of Asnieres—which Sidonie had commenced to think insignificant—with some beautiful country-seat ten or fifteen leagues away from Paris; to accord to Mlle Chebe a pension somewhat larger; to more frequently oblige Delobelle, whose unhappy wife was killing herself with work; finally he should have the power to bring back Frantz. That was his dearest wish. He thought without ceasing of that poor child exiled in an unhealthy country, at the mercy of an administration tyrannical in the extreme, which sent off its employes only to recall them almost immediately without explanation; for Risler had ever at heart the abrupt and unaccountable departure of his brother at his last visit, and that brief apparition of Frantz which, without giving him time to possess him, had revived all his memories of affection and of his early life in common. Hence he counted, when the printing press should be in a successful operation, upon finding in the manufactory a little corner in which Frantz could utilize himself and carve out a bright future. As at all times, Risler only thought of the good of others. His sole ambition was to see each one around him smile.

Hastening along, he arrived at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Haudrettes. A long row of carriages was stationed before the house, and the gleam of their lanterns in the street, the shadows of the coachmen covering the snow in the out of the way corners, in the angles which these old mansions have kept despite the straight line of the pavements, animated this silent and deserted quarter.

"Hold! 'tis true," thought the happy man; "we have a ball at our house." He recalled that Sidonie had given a grand musical and dancing soiree, from which she had excused herself, engaging on her part in his much engaged." In the midst of his projects, of his visions of generous riches, this fete, the echo of which reached his ears, rejoiced him and made him proud. With a certain solemnity, he pushed aside the heavy gate, half-open for the coming and going of the guests, and there, from the bottom of the garden, he saw the great windows where he dwelt, splendidly illuminated.

Shadows passed and repassed behind the floating veils of the curtains; the orchestra, distinguished in the ebb and flow of mad fellof melody, seemed to follow the movement of these furtive apparitions. They were dancing. A moment Risler stood at this phantasmagoria of the ball, and in a little apartment contiguous to the salon he recognized the silhouette of Sidonie.

She was standing in her fine toilet in the attitude of a pretty woman before her mirror. Behind her a smaller shadow, without doubt Madame Dobson, was repairing some disorder of her dress, the knot of a ribbon fastened to her neck, the long, floating ends of which hung down over the graceful flow of her train. All this was very vague, but the grace of the woman showed itself in these lines so faintly marked, and Risler lingered a long while to admire her.

On the floor below the contrast was striking. There was no light except a little lamp within the lilac curtains of the bedchamber. Risler remarked this, and, as the infant Fromont had left some days

And the good Risler altogether softened extended his hand to his friend, who withdrew his own roughly. This movement of recoil was so instinctive, so brutal, that all Risler's emotion was changed into indignation.

He drew himself up severely.

"I expected you my friend, Sigismond Planus," said he.

"And I—I will not give you mine!" cried Planus, arising.

There was a terrible silence, during which were heard above the muffled music of the orchestra and the noise of the ball, the heavy and dull noise of the floors shaken by the rhythm of the dancers.

"Why do you refuse to give me your hand?"

Sigismond stood before him with his two hands upon his cheeks, as if to give force to what he was about to say.

"Why? Because you have ruined the house; because in a few hours, at the place where you stand, they will come from the bank to demand one hundred thousand francs; and because, thanks to you, I have not a sou in my safe. Behold my reasons."

Risler was stupefied.

"I have ruined the house—I—I?"

"Worse than that, Monsieur; you have allowed it to be ruined by your wife, and have arranged with proud by it and your misdemeanor! Oh, I see clearly into your game. The money that your wife has wormed out of the unhappy Fromont, the chalet of Asnieres, the diamonds and the rest, all have been placed in her name as a precaution against catastrophes; and now you can, without doubt, retire from business!"

"Oh! oh!" groaned Risler, in a feeble voice, or, rather, compressed, insufficient for the crowd of thoughts it strove to express; and without pausing he pulled the screen towards him with such violence that he tore it. Finally he trembled, fell to the floor and lay without a motion, without a word, preserving only in what of life remained in him the firm resolution not to die before being justified. This resolution must have been strong in the extreme, for whilst his head, bruised, seemed to fill the blood which turned his face blue, whilst his ears hummed, whilst his sightless eyes seemed already turned towards the terrible unknown, the unhappy man muttered to himself in an unintelligible voice, that voice of shipwrecked men who speak with their mouths filled with water in the crushing blasts of a storm: "I must live—I must live!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW CAPT. BURNABY RODE TO KHIVA.

BY L. HOUGH.

The "strongest man in the British army" not long since returned from a visit to his furthest point in Central Asia to which Russian conquest has as yet rolled in its course towards India—beyond it, indeed, for Kiva, though reduced to vassalage and disarmed, is a nominally independent state. But the encroaching tide has sapped its foundations, and might swallow it up at any moment.

Several considerations combined to make this journey attractive to him; as a soldier, he wished to go over the ground of recent military operations; as a patriotic Englishman, who possessed the exceedingly rare accomplishment of speaking the Russian language fluently, he desired to satisfy himself of the extent to which the recent Russian conquests threatened British interests; as a man of enterprise and an athlete, the dangers and difficulties of the trip had a rare fascination for him. But when, in addition to all these inducements, there came that of prohibition, the desire to make the journey became too imperative for resistance. When Captain Burnaby saw a paragraph in a newspaper to the effect that no foreigner was to be allowed to travel in Russian Asia, he naturally felt that the question was settled, and that to Russian Asia he must. The exigencies of his profession added a fresh difficulty; a soldier is not his own master, and cannot absent himself without leave, which he must take when he can get it. Captain Burnaby was successful in obtaining four months, but they were the worst in the year—namely, from the beginning of December to the middle of March, a period when the steppes of Tartary, which he would have to traverse, are covered with snow, and the climate state of the thermometer at which he kept his portion as she forgot herself in thinking of the feeble beings she would have to protect, the better she comprehended the meaning of that word "sacrifice," so vague in the mouths of the indifferent, so serious when it becomes a rule of life.

Such were the thoughts of the poor wife in that sorrowful watch, vigil of arms and of tears during which she prepared herself for the great fight. Behold what shone about the discreet little lamp that Risler knew so well, and which had not fallen from the brilliant lustres of the ball.

Reassured by the response of Pere Achille, the good man determined to accord to his room, lowered out of the way of the fete and the guests for whom he cared very little.

On such occasions, he availed himself of a small private stairway which communicated with the workshops, and there, even awhile in the skylighted workshops, which the rays of the moon reflected by the snow made as bright as at mid-day. There he breathed a little the atmosphere of daily labor, a stifling heat, full of the odors of talc and varnish. Papers stretched out on the dryers made long, rustling alleys. Every where new rows of cards and boxes and there were blouses hung up all ready for the morrow. Never did Risler pass through these rooms without a feeling of gladness.

Suddenly, at the end of this long file of deserted apartments, he p received a light in Planus' office. The old cashier was still at his work. At the o'clock in the morning this was truly extraordinary.

Risler's first impulse was to retire. In truth, since his incomprehensible broil with Sigismond, in case of an attack by wolves or predatory Turkomans, and for this pistol he ordered a belt. For sleeping on the steppes, in case he should have to pass a night in the open air without being frozen to death, he had a water proof, air-tight sack made, with a slit in it by which he might creep in. But when he was clad in his thick trowsers, long cloth boots, furlined shoes, wadded coat and waistcoat, and fur pelisse reaching to his heels, the belt would neither meet round his waist nor the aperture in the sack admit him; the last important fact being only discovered on the first occasion for its use, when the sleigh-driver lost his way, the vehicle was upset in a snow-drift, and the traveler and his servant had to spend the night in keeping each other from sleeping the sleep that would be death.

At length Orenburg was reached, a little Tartar servant engaged, and an order obtained on each posting-station as far as Kasala, or Fort Number One, for three horses and a driver, at the legal fare. Then, as many stores having been laid in as could be stowed away about the sledge, a fresh departure was taken in the third week of December. Orenburg is the last civilized place, and he was now fairly launched upon the steppes; for the next hundred miles his course lay over an unbroken sheet of snow. Indeed, from here to Kasala, the only dwelling-places were the posting-houses and military stations, or forts as they are called. On leaving one of these stations, after the usual delay in obtaining fresh horses, the traveler forgot to put on his warm gloves, his hands being comfortably employed in the fur coverings of his pelisse. The surface soon being smooth, he fell asleep, but was roused by sharp pains in his hands, which he then found had relaxed their hold of the reins during his nap, and were lying exposed on the sides of the sledge. The pain became intense, and kept up towards the body, the extreme cold appearing to the driver and servant, who, like his Tartar servants toiled vigorously, had no effect; and it was seven miles to the next station, which it seemed to the sufferer would never be reached. But they arrived at last and found three Cossacks there who understood first-aid, and while telling him that he would lose his hands, secured them against the most violent attempts to prevent the calamity. Plunging the arms into ice-water and rubbing had no effect, however, until a bottle of naphtha was brought from the sledge, which, hard enough to handle to bring the skin away; at length restored pain to the wrist and hands, which were finally saved. If the accident had happened to other travelers, it must have ended very calamitously, for shortly afterwards all the bottles were broken by the frost, and the strong spirit which alone restored the circulation, would not have been forthcoming.

At one station there were no horses to be had, and camels were offered instead. One of these creatures would have rendered him suffice to draw the little sleigh, but three horses were down on his order, and three horses, or substitutes for them, he must have. The camel proved to be a team of Barclay's horses attached to a perambulator, and the effect was to drag the sleigh almost to pieces, so that he had soon to give it up for another and the usual unbreakable cross.

But he was getting to the end of the sleighing by them, for he soon reached the Sea of Aral and the military station of Kasala, and from thence he must take to the saddle.

The critical stage of the journey was now reached; the traveler was on the confines of the Tartary, he was about to enter upon the visits of foreigners, which it will be his object to penetrate.

The Aral Sea, some 300 miles long and 150 broad, is about 900 miles northward of the Caspian, extending from N. N. E. to S. S. W. The Jaxarten (Syr Darya) falls into the Aral Sea at its north-eastern, the Oxus (Amu Darya) at its southern extremity. Along the Jaxartes the Russians have established a chain of posts to Tashkend, which place was one of their earliest conquests, Samarcand and Kokan. The nearest of these posts to the mouth of the river is Kasala or Fort Number One.

In summer-time the journey from the Jaxartes to the Oxus might be made easily and pleasantly enough by the sea; at present this route was precluded by the ice, and it was necessary to cross the desert of Kizil Kum.

On the Russian bank of the Oxus stands Petro-Alexandrovsk, 571 miles from Kasala by the shortest route across the desert. On the other side of the river, not a long ride off, is the town of Khiva.

Now the orders were very strict that no Russian should be allowed to visit Khiva, or have any communication with its khan; but then, on the other hand, this traveler showed an order from General Milutin to all officers in search of him to put to all places under their command. But Khiva was not under Russian command. So they might meet the difficulty by asking him to cross Petro-Alexandrovsk, and preventing his crossing the Oxus. Captain Burnaby perceived their drift, and studied how to out-wit them. It was a friendly game of cards.

In the meantime the desert had to be crossed, at any rate, and for this purpose he bought a horse, and hired three camels with their driver, who rode a donkey. They for the horses had to be taken, besides their own provisions, and a capital sort of tent called a kibitka, which required to contribute to all others in search of it. Kasala had found him a guide, who rode his own horse, and on the 15th of January they started in a frost so bitter that they had to wrap their faces in cloths to keep the nostrils of the icicles which impeded their breathing. The glare of the snow was so great that Captain Burnaby tried to wear tinted goggles, but they soon got filmed and seared his flesh like hot iron. He also suffered a good deal from his sore arms, which still felt the effect of the frost-bite. But he sustained the loss of his heart, which was nearly captured by a lovely Tartar girl belonging to a family who owned some sheep, one of which he proposed to buy. But the price and dexterity with which she acted the part of the butcher, counteracted the effect of her pretty face. The mutton was a nice change from their ordinary diet, the most nutritious item of which was sausage-soup with lumps of meat in it, which was carried in a frozen state in two sleeve-buckets. The Kirghis or Tartars, are exceedingly fond of mutton, and the dogs with which Nazar, the little servant, and the guide, who were both Tartars, beguiled the journey, all had reference to the merits of these nutritious joints of meat. Not dry by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine their pecuniary interests are involved in the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired, and who oppose the growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have adopted the most unlikely strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the constituents of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books" and other pamphlets are issued by the dozen or hundred over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and slander me in every line. Some of these publications are given high-sounding names, and are issued by persons of spectable men of education and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the ignorant to the fraud. In their circulation which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the high-sounding name of one of these publications which is annually circulated, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L., of Bennett, and the *Michigan Farmer*, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and enmity fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicines possess genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturer claims for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines represent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a *significant fact* that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Medicines,
World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

RANGE OF THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

It would seem at first sight that no barriers could limit the range of birds, and that they ought to be the most ubiquitous of living things. But experience is far from being the case, many groups of birds are almost as strictly limited by barriers as the mammalia. The petrels and gulls are among the greatest wanderers, but most of the species are confined to one or other of the great oceans, or to the Arctic or Antarctic seas. The sandpipers and plovers wander along the shores as far as the petrels over the ocean. Great numbers of them breed in the arctic regions, and migrate as far as India and Australia, or down to Chili and Patagonia, throughout the Old and New Worlds, however, being generally distinct. In striking contrast to these wide ranges we find many of the smaller perching birds, with many of the gallinaceous tribe, confined to small islands of a few square miles in extent, or to single valleys or mountains on the mainland. These groups of birds which possess no power of flight, such as the ostrich, cassowary, apteryx, are in exactly the same position as the mammalia as regards their means of dispersal, or are perhaps even less favored to them, since, although they are able to cross rivers in swimming, it is doubtful if they could remain so long in the water as land quadrupeds. Among the groups of short-winged birds, such as toucans, pittas, and wrens, are perhaps worse off, for they can fly very few miles at a time, and on falling into the water would soon be drowned. It is only the strong-flying species that can venture to cross any great width of sea, and even these rarely do so unless compelled by necessity to migrate in search of food, or to a more genial climate. Small and weak birds, are however, often carried accidentally across great tracts of sea during gales. This is well exemplified by the large numbers of stragglers from North America, which annually reach the Bermudas. No less than sixty-nine species of American birds have occurred in Europe, many of them in Britain and Heligoland. They consist chiefly of migratory birds which in Autumn range along the eastern coast of the United States, and often fly from point to point across bays and inlets. They are then liable to be blown out to sea by storms and it is almost the only time of the year that their occurrence has been noted on the shores of Europe. Birds which frequent forests and thickets, are secure from such accidents, and are restricted in their range by the extent of the forest they inhabit. Mountain chains, and even large rivers like the Amazon, limit the range of many birds.—*Harpers Magazine.*

FLATTERY is a safe coin which our own vanity has made current, and which will never be out of credit as long as there are knaves to offer it and fools to receive it.

COWARDLY ASSAULTS.

When a carefully prepared article is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his detest difficult in a fair and honorable fight, mean and cowardly are used by wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name and fame. It also those whose selfishness prompts them to prostitute their honor, purchase with, and promote right, for the sake of injuring a competitor in business whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business success they have not the talent to successfully compete in an honorable way. Nothing is more frequently done by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine their pecuniary interests are involved in the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired, and who oppose the growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have adopted the most unlikely strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the constituents of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books" and other pamphlets are issued by the dozen or hundred over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and slander me in every line. Some of these publications are given high-sounding names, and are issued by persons of spectable men of education and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the ignorant to the fraud. In their circulation which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the high-sounding name of one of these publications which is annually circulated, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L., of Bennett, and the *Michigan Farmer*, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and enmity fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicines possess genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturer claims for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines represent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a *significant fact* that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

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HILL AND SHORE.

Oh, the hills! the hills! I am sick for the hills,
With their sheltering arms and their steady feet,
And the shadows shimbering there.

With their reverent hands to the sky upraised,
As they pray on their carpets green,
Seeking, evermore, what the angels see,
In the Land still to us veiled.

Awhile, this surge of the solemn sea,
And the moan of its deep unrest,
And then I turn, like a homesick child,
Happy little to thy green breast.

Some gleams of light from the sunset gate,
Bright over the purple sea,
Some changes made on the battered coast,
By its wilite-horse cavalry.

Some sleepy dreams by its lapping waves,
Some hymns with the stars and sun,
And then, old friends, take me home again,
With my heart from you still unwon.

Oh, grand hills! that my eye can trust,
With thy changeless outline kept
Since the flat "Light" o'er the new world
thrilled.
And the sun to its mate stepped.

I am glad to think, in thy keeping sure,
I shall rest after work and play
And the warm turf above the patient
mould
Shall be softly round me cast.

Where the friends I love, when a daisy blooms
Above me, its face shall kiss;
Oh, grasping arms of the drifting sea,
Can your blue waves promise this?

RACHEL BROWN'S MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY E. R. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 39, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME THINGS YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

The Allistons were an exemplary family. But when I say this I do not mean that they were an immaculate one. The children reposed a faith in their parents such as is seldom seen, and the manner in which the head of the family was trusted by the other members was truly beautiful.

Mrs. Allistou saw everything in the light of her husband's eyes, and trusted implicitly to his wisdom in everything. The children, fostered in the bosom of such simple faith, could do no better than pattern after it. Abby, intellectual beyond her years, craved a literary culture, and it was her father's fondest hope that her wish might be gratified. Her shelves were laden with the standard authors and the best literature of the day; and on her table were stacks of choice magazines, all of which had been culled with care and fine natural taste. The soul of Abby reveled in her looks and she looked forward to the time written dimly in the future, when she might make a mark in the world of letters. Vain longing!

Ned had a taste for farming and stock raising, but often expressed a desire to go to West Point. Going to West Point is the acme of a sprightly boy's ambition.

But Lily, darling little "off-hand" Lily, her greatest wish was for a doll-house, "just like my neighbor's house, only leetle weenty."

"I tell you mother, may be my papa will build me a leetle weenty house next summer, he said so; he would say.

"What do you want with a house? Is not your papa's house nice enough for you?" asked her mother.

"Yes, it's nice enough, only I want a leetle one for my dolly to live in. One with doors no higher than my head, an' leetle chairs an' a table so high, an' a bed for my dolly. An' my papa's a goin' to build it it out under the winesop-tree—goody! goody!"

That prospective play-house was the joy of her life. Every visitor must listen to a recital of her plans for its arrangement and adornment. Rachel Brown, her "dearest, dearest Auntie," was almost as enthusiastic as the lady herself, and the two spent many a happy hour in planning.

And all this time Rachel was saying deep down in her own breast, "if I only had such a treasure!" and who will blame the dear quakeress.

"When I'm a grown woman, I intend to be a quaker, sure an' deed an' double deed," Lily would say occasionally to Rachel; and the good woman would press her eyes with her handkerchief to keep the tears back, and Lily wondered what made Auntie cry so much.

Oh, Rachel, do you envy Mary Allston her happiness? Wait awhile and you will bless God for the day he gave you good, simple Paul Brooks. What a little while and you will thank God that you are not Mary Allston!

Mary Allston was proud. You saw pride shining out of her black eyes. You saw it in every quiver of the brown silken curls that hung half way down her back. She was not like ninety per cent. of our women. She did not think that when she married her girlish charms must be laid away in the drawer, and her comely person clad in the common matronly habit. But every day the same girlish curls met her hand found her with, were twined around her soft fingers, and let fall like a shower of gold-brown rings over her shoulders, and as neatly fitting robes as she wore in girlhood adorned her fair person. Her husband had often told her that he loved a lovely and graceful woman, and he proved it by loving his gentle wife. No wonder Mary Allston was proud.

Conrad Allston had his weakness. All men have. He admired a fine horse, a good looking cur, or a "likely" pair of mules. But another and far more dangerous weakness possessed him—he admired a handsome woman, be it his wife or no. But this weakness is a common one among men; if it were not so I should omit this part.

If Mr. Allston had ever seen a woman he could tell you how wide her ankle was proportioned, whether the instep was graceful or not, what was the probable size of her waist, and other things which make a woman look well or ill as they of course studied. And yet Mr. Allston was no worse in this respect than other men. This is a dangerous weakness and yet a desirable one, for a man without it is seldom of much account. But to Mr. Allston it proved a bane. Even in the quiet little quakeress, Rachel, he admired the finely arched instep, the handsome ankle and very ample of symmetry—full as much as he did her good sense and sweet manners; and he considered her well-moulded form quite as desirable as her friendship, and with all this Conrad Allston was not a sensualist—he was only a man.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE SUGAR CAMP.

Among the blessed institutions that I remember and a very prominent one too, is the old sugar camp. All the associations that cling around it are bright in my memory, but Mr. Allston had a sugar camp. It consisted of perhaps five hundred fine sugar trees and lay over a gentle slope only a short distance from the house.

There came a week of beautiful sunny weather in the month of February—one of those sweet tastes of Spring-time with which we are sometimes blessed in late winter when out from among the bare trees comes a faint scent of spring buds and the voices of singing birds, and the air so soft and balmy lures us into a half belief that spring has really come. I suppose it must be the first sight of the awakening sap that sets stood dozing on the sunny side of the barn; the cows moped around, too lazy to eat at the straw-stack, and too stupid to hunt for the stray bits of fresh grass that occasionally had started in the most sheltered spots. But the chickens and turkeys and little birds were fairly cracking their throats with joy.

The wild, half-starved up in the house, or —what was worse to her—had attended school since early in the fall, and now that the fine weather had come on and she was granted the privilege of staying at home to witness the opening of the sugar camp she was delighted.

The wildly happy tom-tits that shook their downy necks at the crouching winter and cried at the highest pitch of their shrill little voices:

"Leave it! leave it! leave it!" were the source of her especial joy. She sat very still on the high pile of hickory wood and watched the little grey birds picking the wax that had been drawn out by the heat of the sun. She listened and answered at their—

"Chit-te-pe-pe-pe!" and as they grew more sociable she shared with them the hickory wax, scratching it off with a white splinter. Oh! that was sweet society for the little girl.

"Pat, the tom-tits can talk as plain as I can," said she to that worthy as he passed her perch with a basket of "sapies" in one hand and a small augur in the other.

"Indade they can spake as well as the best av us, me hooney," said Pat with a mysterious nod.

"I guess they know what I say to 'em, the way they look at me."

Pat stopped with his foot on a stick of wood and the basket on his knee.

"Honey, if it wasn't for these burrels we'd have winther foriver and iver," said he seriously.

"Why, Pat!" cried Lily, opening wide her blue eyes with astonishment.

"It's thrue, darlin'; don't ye hear them cryin' this blessed minit, 'save it! save it! save it!' they're cryin' at the windies lyin' on the sthraw, I think; they've picked out one o' his eyes already, an' be squinches for t'other."

Lily looked at him suspiciously.

"I'm tellin' ye the truth darlin'; and more's that, they're the burrels what sweats the wather in the sugar-threes! don't ye see them pipin' sugar out the big hickory stick? Watch that an a minit an' ye'll see him put some sugar in the limb o' a sugar-three."

Lily watched the bird silently. In a few moments up he flew into the top of a tree and began pecking away and rubbing his bill on the limb on which he sat. Then he cried with all his might, "Leave it! leave it! leave it!" Lily looked at Pat amazed.

"Didn't I tell ye so, honey?" he said as he walked away.

Then Lily esteemed the birds more than ever before; and they gave her a subject for thought through many long days thereafter.

Did you ever help to make maple sugar? If you did not Lily could tell you all about it.

"My! didn't you ever?" she would say. "I did; my! Pat just hitched old Fan to the sled with a bar'l on it, an' I rode old Fan. She was pace the fore part, an' papa he wouldn't let me make her pace with the sled; but I can ride her without any saddle. An' pour the sugar water out of the cracks into his bucket, and when he got it full he'd make me stop Fan so he could pour it into the bar'l. It's awful funny, an' Ned he had to go to school. But, law-see, the best time was a making it. Rachel helped me, an' we et wax an' syrup and drunk sugar water till we was near-lee sick! Law-see! I wish sugar-making was the whole year round!"

In the course of the first day Mr. Carson called at the camp. He was in a capital humor and amused Lily and the rest with stories of his experience at sugar-making when he was a boy, though Lily lost the thread of his story now and then in thinking of the strange looking mole on his face.

"I b'lieve all children likes sugar-makin'," said he to Mr. Allston, with a smile.

"I believe they do," said Mr. Allston. "I used to. The most fun I ever had was a makin' sugar. We boys used to steal eggs and fix 'em in the sugar-water. I remember one time me an' my brother Jim had stole a dozen eggs or so, an' had 'em just bilt when on lookin' up we spied the ole man comin' across the camp. He never staid long, an' it wouldn't near do to let him see the eggs, so Jim, fool-like, jumped into a hogshit with the eggs an' I laid some boards on to hide him."

The old man come up an' I was setting there by myself.

"Where's Jim?" says he.

"Out in the camp," says I.

"How you gettin' along?" says he

"Well enough," says I; "we'll have another kittle ready to stir off soon."

He looked round a little an' at last seein' the big water trough fuller'n he thought best, he said:

"This trough's too full; why don't you put some water in the hogshit?"

My heart beat a little faster, but I said, "we'll put to-night's gatherin' in that."

Without sayin' another word he took a bucket, dipped it full knocked the kiver off the hogshit an' poure.. the water right in on Jim afore you could wink. I tell you Jim got out o' that sudden!

Of course all laughed at this, and then Mr. Allston told how he and his brothers used to play Morris and checkers till one o'clock at night, one standing guard while the other two played.

But Carson could beat that so he told how h.s sisters had "sugared a log off."

"You see I had three of the allfiredest sisters ever was, I reckon, an' they alwis done the stirring off. Well, in the neighborhood was a crack-brained boy about sixteen years old, maybe, his name was Reub Sears. Well, one day, as usual, Reub was a hanging 'round the camp, sort o' sparkin' the geerls; an' they made it up to git into a sleigh ride and he should have Reub for a beau. Reub stood by watchin' the fracas grinnin' like a glad fate, wh n all at once the geerls fell afoul o' h m, opened his shirt collar and commenced to put in the sugar! Gemiiny! how the fellow jumped an' cut sticks to rough camp! The sugar burnt like blue blazes, an' the only way the fellow could get rid of it was to pull off his shirt, which he done quick as possible. I tell you we didn't see Reub again that day."

When the laugh that followed had subsided Mr. Carson changed the subject.

"Mr. Allston, I've called to ask a piece of advice of you again," said he. "I have a chance to invest Amelier's money. She seems to think it's a good thing, but I'd rather have your advice before goin' too far," with a smile.

"You are welcome to my opinion for whatever it is worth," said Mr. Allston, bowing.

"Well I say to you I hope will be kept dark," with a significant look at the others present.

Mr. Allston, taking the hint said: "suppose we walk out through the camp, Mr. Carson," and the two men walked off side by side.

"You see," began Carson in a confidential tone, "there's Jason Silvers he's got the finest mill-seat in the county."

"A remarkably fine one," assented Mr. Allston.

"Quite. Now in a few years, as the country grown older, the value of that seat will be more than doubled; it is right in the centre of a large scope of unsupplied country."

"Very true."

"Well, now, don't you see that in a few years some Yankee'll come along an' make a freshin' an' settlin' up a mill there?"

"As like as not."

"Now Amelier wants to buy that property."

"Well, I don't know as it would be a bad investment."

"But Silvers axes fifteen thousan'. Amelier only has ten."

"Indeed?"

"I've advised Amelier to let the thing alone; but she thinks she can git time on the other five an' make it outer the property—Amelier's some on the trade!" smiling.

Mr. Allston was silent.

"If she could git some good man to go in with her," suggested Carson.

"Yes, that might do," replied Mr. Allston, thoughtfully.

"But good men 'at would be likely to go into such a business 'nd be hard to find."

"Yes."

The two men stood in silence for some moments, then Carson spoke.

"I" hate for her to lose a good chance to double 'er money."

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"It's bound to be valu'ble property."

"No doubt of it. Would Silvers take a mortgage?"

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"Jest my idee, Mr. Allston, precisely. I'll talk to Amelier about it. I hope I'll find a good man."

"I hope so too, Mr. Carson."

"But I have already staid too long and must be a goin', so good day, Mr. Allston."

"Good day, Mr. Carson."

So the two men separated, one going back to his work and the other mounting his horse to ride homeward.

Gideon Carson, as he rode along, felt in a measure triumphant. He had succeeded as well as he had calculated upon, why should he not feel triumphant.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DESPERATE GAME AND HOW IT ENDED.

Gideon Carson was a shrewd man. His purpose was to draw Mr. Allston within the meshes of a secretly laid net, and to this end he knew he must work slowly. Accordingly he laid his scheme the deeper and awaited results.

His visits to the Nest were made at shorter intervals and a familiarity sprung up between the two families.

Mrs. Allston received and accepted an invitation to visit Mrs. Carson, and in return Mrs. Carson and Amelia visited Mrs. Allston.

Under the genial sunshine of Mrs. Allston's beautiful mind something seemed to blossom out of Mrs. Carson's nature that was unusual.

Mrs. Carson had been a beautiful and intelligent girl in her youth, but the atmosphere in which she lived with Gideon blighted her spirit. His will had absorbed hers. She no longer had a will of her own, and what seemed to be her will was but the shadow of his.

In Mrs. Allston's presence her womanly nature was enticed out by the spiritual sunshine and warmth, and these two women so strangely different found interest in each other's society.

But Amelia, it seemed that the life had been frozen in her. She took but little note of what passed around her. A thing of beauty had no charm to her eye, and music seemed to fall like lead upon her ear. Nothing brought the flush to her pale but beautiful cheek. It was impossible to look upon her, to see such deep grief looking out of every lineament, and not pity her; but all pity was silent, and sympathy was only felt, not expressed.

Why did Mrs. Allston attempt to make her forget her woe and appear as she used to in her girlhood.

Every word came in that low and woebegone monotone which characterize those whose spirits are broken.

And yet Amelia was beautiful. Every motion was full of grace, and even the intonations of her voice had a sweetness that could not be resisted, and the paleness of her face was not a deathly paler, it was nearer translucent, and such a paleness never detracts from the beauty of a woman.

Mr. and Mrs. Allston sympathized with Amelia and their sympathy was real. In fact Mr. Allston's sympathy was so strong that it engrossed his life in such serious terms that had she been a suspecting woman she would soon have become jealous.

All this time Mr. Carson had been playing with the cunning of his desperate game. He first brought the idea of purchasing Cedar Cliff before Mr. Allston's mind. Then by degrees showed him the desirableness of such a property—then how a mill and woolen factory could be made profitable.

All these things set Mr. Allston to thinking and the more he felt inclined to profit by the opportunity and put a sum in his own pocket. And before Mr. Carson even hinted a wish for him to go into partnership with Amelia he was inclined to make the offer himself.

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But his wife, seeing his chagrin, took arms in his defence. She informed Rachel that Mr. Allston had hitherto managed his own business without suggestions from his friends, and she thought he could still do so; at any rate, she was willing to trust him.

Rachel had spoken very bluntly in this matter and had she been less interested her manner would have been highly offensive.

She seldom spoke with as much assurance as she did during this visit; she seemed bent on warning the Allstons' of their danger.

"Mary, it is not my province to judge, but I do not like this man Carson," she said as they two were seated alone.

"Oh, that is all a notion; I am sure the family are very agreeable. Mr. Carson is a little rough—only his way," said Mrs. Allston.

"But I have heard sentiments from his lips that no man could utter," said Rachel.

"'Tis only his way," said Mrs. Allston.

"I have heard Gideon Carson say that woman was created for man's convenience, that she was merely a contrivance to perpetuate the race. Ugh! I should think a good while before allowing a grown family to come in contact with such a man!" said Rachel.

"Mr. Carson is a very old man, I admit, Rachel, but one must know him better than you do to appreciate him. The first time I saw him I called him a heartless wretch," said Mary.

"Perhaps the first impressions were the truest Mary. He knows his neighbors hold him in great contempt. He has but few friends."

"Oh, well, Rachel, I am sorry you have such a dislike to the man. We have taken the step now, and we must do the best we can for ourselves. As for me, I would rather live in this little Nest than in a palace," and tears gathered in her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIVING ADVICE.—Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are persons full of advice and counsel which are utterly useless, and more than useless because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say something—it that makes no difference. Advice, to be worth anything, needs to be matured in the mind before it is uttered. It is altogether better, however, as a rule, to attend to your own business and let other people's alone, unless you are invited to interfere. Public men are especially the victims of the advice given. Every man and woman in the world think themselves competent to give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice, seeming entirely to lose sight of the very important fact that any man who has mind enough to be elected to a responsible post of public attention probably has enough to manage his own affairs. Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it, and do not trouble so much of life in looking after other people.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CLEANSING THE TEETH.—The dark coat of sulphuret which collects upon neglected teeth cannot be removed with a brush and water. Powdered charcoal will take it off, but this scratches the enamel and leads to decay of the teeth. A better substance is pumice stone, but this must be made into a thick lather, and will rubbed in several times a day. For Pimples, Roughness, Redness, Blotches or venomous stings, the Soap should be used three or four times a day. In severe cases make a lather and apply, provided it does not produce a smarting sensation.

This wonderful soap is moreover the most glorious compound for shaving ever invented, and can be used with either hot or cold water, and no seaman should go to sea without a supply. It is now for sale by the trade of all, being only 50 cents a cake.

Certificates:

The following from among a host of similar Testimonials of the extraordinary virtues of GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, are selected for their brevity

Cure of Salt Rheum Dr. Gouraud—Dear Sir,—I was for several weeks sorely afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands and fingers. Your Medicated Soap was recommended to me. I bought a cake, tested it and rubbed it on my hands, several times a day, and before the cake was used up, my hands were free from any disfigurements, and are entirely all smooth and white. I had tried several remedies previously. You are welcome to print this testimonial to the value of your Soap. Yours respectfully, Henry Barton, 18 Nassau street.

Cure of Freckles My face was completely covered with freckles. One cake of your Soap cured them entirely. I still continue to use it, and am never troubled with freckles, pimples or spots. Mary Hodge, 31 Walker street. To Dr. Gouraud, at Walker street.

Hear Nathaniel P. Willis, Esq.

Love Philtres, etc.—The deepest mar we know of in the obscurity of the secrets of the "Modern Arcana" (incarnate for mankind aged people) is Dr. GOURAUD, of Walker street, one door from Broadway, etc., etc. is his amiable doctor remedies all diseases of complexion, and puts to flight all calamities of the surface, and all reflections and remarks arise in the blood. GOURAUD, the beautifier, moreover, the make the most of yourself-her, should be his designation.

Mr. Warland, the Editor of the Lowell Courier, pays the following tribute to

Gouraud's Soap.—We observe that Carleton & Harvey, of this city, advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long and well we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience in its use, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that we ever remember. It leaves even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to our friends as the best shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

Mr Crampton, the proprietor of the Golden Rule, says, whilst his son was in the country, he was terribly burned. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap instantly cured him.

Major General Stanford, Judge W Dodge, Richard Grant White, Captain Ryders, Frank Queen, Old Dr Nott, and a host of others purchase by the dozen and half dozen, and speak of Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap in the highest terms.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles, a Surprisingly Efficacious Depilatory for Uprooting Human Hair.

I have had an opportunity of observing the operation of Dr. Felix Gouraud's preparation for the removal of superfluous hair, and am perfectly satisfied of its peculiar efficacy. After a analysis of the composition of these powders, I can without any hesitation, pronounce them perfectly harmless, and in every way admirably adapted for any preparation of the kind ever offered to the public. I have no hesitation in giving them my recommendation, being done fully conscious of their value.

James A. Houston M. D. Editor N Y Tattler.

To Dr T. Felix Gouraud, Sir: You will remember that when I was in your city a few fall, I called at your store to Walker street to consult you concerning the best means of removing a large mole which disfigured my left cheek—a cancer, and from which a very fatal or black fever grew out very rapidly and long. You recommended your POUDRES SUBTILES as highly fatal to the roots of hair, and to the surprise of us all the hair came away in less than five minutes, and has never grown since. Respectfully yours Jacob Sleeper, the sleeper Aquaeknown Township, N J.

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Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER REMOVES FRECKLES, PIMPLES, SALLOWNESS, MOTH PATCHES AND ALL SKIN BLEMISHES.

This preparation has acquired a reputation for just purity wherever it is known. To FASHIONABLE LADIES, which makes it sought after by the fair sex, owing from or going to the most countries for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying and innocent qualities. Like all sound of the Gold MEDALS 8 years since, the has suspended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits and is not to "CREATE OF MERE ADVERTISING NOTORIETY." This unrivaled face is proved by the large sales made in New Orleans without one line of advertising.

This invaluable Cosmetic is recommended from one customer to another on account of KNOWLEDGE OF ITS VALUE AND UTILITY.

PREPARED BY DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, NEW YORK, formerly of Walker street, and late of 67 Broadway. Established 31 years.

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PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, March 10, 1877.

THE THREATENED WAR.

For months the world has been looking on with anxious thoughts while the quarrel between Turkey and her Christian subjects, to which Russia is in no limited sense a party, has been the subject of diplomatic discussion and negotiation. The conflicting telegrams which succeed each other day by day, now telling of agreement and now of menace and defiance, aggravate the suspense.

Meantime indications more reliable than the reports which appear in the newspapers, point to the almost inevitable conclusion, that delay is only the result of manœuvering on both sides, to gain time and make full preparations for a conflict, which for its magnitude and its ultimate consequences, will take a prominent place in the annals of history.

Millions of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition are being transported to the two great contestants as rapidly as the largest establishments in this country, running night and day, can turn them out. In both countries military reorganization and general preparations are proceeding with the utmost dispatch and earnestness. These are not indicative that there is an expectation or an intention to terminate the differences by conventions, notes, protocols, agreements, or other peaceful methods. For years it has been apparent that there are complications which the sword must ultimately decide, and the hour of that decision seems to be rapidly approaching.

The idea that has largely prevailed in this country, that an easy victory awaits Russia, is not well-founded. Turkey will be no mean antagonist in the resources for war which she possesses. By sea she is indisputably superior to Russia. Her land-locked seas give her facilities for naval construction, of which she has largely availed herself, and her superiority in this respect will be no small element of her strength.

The Russian land force fairly estimated by competent military men is about 650,000 infantry, 92,500 cavalry, with a reserve of 83,440 men. Turkey can bring no such immense force into the field, but she has another important advantage in the fact that Russia's means of transportation of troops and their necessary supplies to the frontier of Turkey, are greatly inadequate. Small bodies send forward may be met by immensely superior force, before reserves can be forwarded, if there is good generalship by her foe, and she is straining every nerve to secure this.

If the shock comes, even though it should be confined to those two powers, its force will be felt by every civilized nation, and its ultimate effects upon the outer world none can safely predict.

NEEDLESS LONG SUFFERING

"Twere well 'twere done quickly," so appropriate to the right management of a beefsteak, is, we apprehend, applicable with greater force to the very first principle of housekeeping, viz., getting married.

It is taken for granted that marrying is the first principle in housekeeping. There are, to be sure, boarding houses and bachelors' establishments where this foundation is not built upon, but the incompleteness of the one and the fragmentary-ness of the other, compel the acknowledgment of the first principle aforesaid.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" need not be quoted against our position. The desperate chances, more desperate than those any gambler will take, which thousands assume in the matrimonial lottery, can not be too strongly deprecated. It is sad to see fortunes swallowed up by the cast of a die or the turn of a card; it is horrifying to witness the possible ruin of a life by reckless ventures in marrying. To use a military figure, the approaches cannot be made with too great caution. The most searching observation, the most elaborate parallels, and perchance the most intricate zig-zags are all in order in laying siege to the heart. In short, let the preliminaries be most thoroughly considered and perfected, and let there be entire assurance that one is able to "go up and possess the land."

But when once the conquest is made; when the grand assault conducted with proper caution, skill and, energy have resulted in capitulation, why delay to reap the benefits of the conquest? To partially drop the figure, why prolong the engagement?

On general principles, a state of "bewsenity" is most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. A betrothed young lady is at once shut off from her accustomed liberty. She may not now consult her own sweet will in a thousand ways which were previously entirely permissible. Like a beautiful flower on its way to grace a feast, she is shut up from the admiring gaze of the world, packed carefully and conventionally, awaiting proper disposition by the owner. If she be happily married, she has abundant compensation for the pleasures of maidenhood which she has yielded up; but until then, she has few resources. If during a long waiting she incautiously tastes the pleasures to which she has long been accustomed, she jgrils the future possession of the joys which matrimony promises. So she must sedulously cultivate patience; which is in its nature a suffering virtue. Too often an additional burden is given to her solicitude by the knowledge or the apprehension that the man of her choice is less scrupulous in holding himself similarly isolated from the gay world, and also too often the bands which thus hold loosely one side are at last entirely cast off, and a grievous disappointment casts a baleful shadow over many years, perhaps over remaining life.

In fine: avoid long engagements. In matrimony as in business, early settlements make longest friends. When the iron is fairly heated, strike, and let the irrevocable link be forged; the greater the interest at stake, the greater the dangers of delay.

WHAT'S IN A HAT!

Clothes are textile ideas.

By them, the maker and the wearer try to express certain thoughts. The earliest attempt at clothing shows this. Like all extremes, it needs no subtle conscience by flimsy pretexts, it was a confessed failure, a mere figment.

The primary idea of clothing from ancient times to the present, has been protection and comfort; but as with many other systems, secondary considerations have often become paramount.

This is illustrated on almost every hand and under almost innumerable heads, as witness sixteen-button gloves and stove pipe hats, to say nothing of the chastically contending emotions struggling for expression in ladies' head gear.

The general run of ideas embodied in a hat are alone sufficient for consideration in an article more extended than the proper limits of a newspaper column. They could, if properly evolved, replenish a magazine (goodness knows, some of them need replenishing.)

Going back to the primary idea, that of protection and comfort, it is apparent that head covering is a lamentable evidence of degeneration. Primeval man is generally supposed to have been at least a perfect animal. Adam is quoted as the highest physical type of the race. Now then, did Adam wear a hat? Did he need one? His ry is silent, and we must draw inference from such data as we have. If he was perfect as an animal (and we must admit orthodoxically that he was) he did not need a hat, and therefore did not wear one.

No animal requires it, either to keep his brain cool, or to shade his eyes. Think of the lordly lion stalking from his lair, under a spreading wide-awake fashioned from the broad leaved palm in the style now typical of the hunter of the plains: or a fastidious monkey with high hat jauntily set on one side of his little head, going forth to meet his lady love, and she coquettishly eyeing him from under a bonnet of the primeval period, possibly a pumpkin blossom trimmed with spider webs and lady-bugs.

No indeed, man then perfect as an animal needed such shelter no more than they. He rejoiced in the covering plentifully bestowed by nature, specially adapted for protection; a dense cushion to protect from blows; an interlacing fibre affording complete shade and securing perfect ventilation.

But man fell, and then his hair began to fall; baldness appeared; the sun smote, the rain and the hail pelted, and hats were invented.

Then exalting ideas arose; ambition sprouted; tall aspirations were developed, and those quickly showed themselves in hats. They grew, they towered, they commanded respect from the unthinking, and thus reflected both the lordliness and the subserviency of the times, as they continue to do.

In advancing ages, vanity, affectation, stubbornness, and all the various contending emotions that seek for expression added their touches, and to-day the whole range of idea and feeling presents itself in the marvelous, and otherwise inexplicable fashions of head gear.

STARTLING COINCIDENCES.—Any novelist who had imagined and narrated such curious coincidences as are said to have attended the tragic end of J. P. Hassler, of Carlisle, Pa., would have been thought fanciful in the extreme. Mr. Hassler was cashier of the Carlisle bank; as alleged, he engaged in stock speculations, became a defaulter, and was arrested for embezzlement. Being allowed time to procure bail, he proceeded to the garret of his residence and hung himself. About fourteen years ago, another cashier of the same bank, also a defaulter, had committed suicide in the same manner, by hanging himself from the same beam, from which he was cut down by this same Mr. Hassler. Surely truth is stranger than fiction.

BLUE glass has raised a painful excitement.

LOLLY LEE.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Among the hills of Aberdee,
In the grass, lay Lolly Lee,
With her cheek against the ground
And her wavy hair unbound,
Lying golden all around.
Blue it was above her head,
And her lips were rosy red,
'Twas not her lips, 'twas not her head,
'Twas her heart that pained her so,
Trying to let no one know,
That her girlish soul was true!
Pretty, pretty, Lolly Lee,
None knew, she thought, her misery.
Lolly, Lolly, Lolly Lee,
The fairest maid in Aberdee,
'Tis well for Love you cannot see,
Me standing here behind this tree,
I remember what you said—
That we would never, never wed,
And—once you wished me even dead!
Such are women, Lolly Lee,
Such will women ever be!

THE HEARTHSTONE SECRET.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY DR. WM. R. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

JUGGING OR THE MISSOURI—A QUEER CATCH.

"Come up there and see me, old boy!"

"Whirlpool, Whipple, I'll come. Mary is anxious to visit her father in Illinois, so after leaving her at the paternal homestead I will pay you a flying visit."

"Glad to hear it, Bartmoon, you don't know how pleasant your visit would be to me in those dreary solitudes, my days passed in guiding the plow and hewing down the mighty forest monarchs, and my nights in solitary reading and listening to the weird cry of the wild cat, and the muffled murmurings of the mighty Missouri, as it rumbles and tumbles over its rough bed. And you Whipple ex-detective, but now a thriving farmer in the wilds of the Missouri took up his valise, gave me a hearty shake of the hand and left my office for the train that was to bear him to his Western home.

Two weeks after the above conversation I was smoking my evening pipe under the shadow of Joe's own "vine and fig tree," listening to a proposition made by that worthy to go "jugging" in the morning.

"Jugging?" I exclaimed. "What the deuce is that?"

Joe laughed. "Ah," he replied, "I see, my dear Bart, you are not up to our western provincialisms, no matter how well you may be acquainted with the rogues' dictionary. Well, old fellow, 'jugging' simply means fishing for buffaloes with jugs."

I opened my eyes to their full extent.

"What's that you say, Joe are you quizzing me? I thought buffaloes were caught on horseback with guns and bows and arrows and—"

Joe roared and had to grasp at the vines which adorned the trellis-work of his cottage porch, to keep from falling backward.

"You—you—you city greenhorn," he roared, "ha! ha! ha! ; didn't mean—oh! dear I'll split! I didn't mean buffalo bulls or cows—ho! ho! ho!—I meant buffalo fish."

"Oh! ah, yes, I see now, Joe," I exclaimed, "what a ridiculous mistake I made to be sure; It's very plain to see now, but Joe the fish must be very small, indeed."

Joe gaped, wondering I suppose what was coming next.

"Very small, indeed, to go into such a small hole as the orfice of a jug, but—"

Joe gave a spasmodic gasp, and then roaring like a bull of Bashan, dashed frantically into the house, attacking its echoes ring with frantic roars of laughter.

I smoked on complacently.

Joe after a while subsided, his exhuinatory explosions ended, and poking his good humored, jolly face out of the porch window, he said:

"Come in here, you unsophisticated goose, that I may initiate you into the mystery of 'jugging' on the Missouri."

I knocked the ashes from my pipe, and quietly rising from my seat entered the room. In a few moments the whole *modus operandi* was explained to me, and I distinctly saw the difference between hunting the buffalo of the plains, and fishing with baited hooks attached to gallon jugs for his namesake, the succulent fish that swarm in myriads in the bosom of the "Great Father of Waters."

The next morning while the "red orbed god of day" seemed rising from the midst of a heavy mass of golden clouds which rested on the gilding river in the far distant east, Joe and myself, heavily laden with much fishing tackle, several pounds of fat pork and a dozen or so of gallon jugs, made our way from the cottage in the woods down to the sandy shore of the rolling Missouri where Joe's staunch skiff, the crafty handiwork of his own skill, lay pitching and heaving and tugging to get loose from the strong post and chain which kept it safe at its moorings.

"Now, Bart, my boy," said Joe, after we had deposited our fishing gear in the stern of the boat, "we will row up stream about six miles—keep close to the bank and take advantage of the eddies and slack water—and when we reach 'dead man's bend,' twenty six or seven miles from here, we will pitch our jugs overboard and trust to 'fishermens' luck.'"

"Rather poor luck that, if the old adage be upheld," I replied. "A wet skin and an empty bag."

"Old adages, Bart, are not always veracious. Get to your oars my boy, and pull like sixty if plenty of rest coming down with the stream."

After two hours steady work at the oars we reached the spot selected by Joe to throw out the jugs. I had never seen this peculiar style of fishing, received my friend's instructions with all due humility.

"Now, Bart, my boy," said Joe, "watch me and you will have no trouble. See, I first tie my line to the handle of the jug. I then put on my hook, and last of all I place a piece of pork on the hook as a bait."

I imitated Joe in all his movements successfully.

"Ah! that's well," said my friend, watching my movements, "now see that your jugs are all corked tight—all right? Well, my boy, overboard with them."

I seized a jug by the handle and whirling it over my head cast it forth into the river.

"Ek—ek—aghah—splash—splash—gurgle—gurgle—thut—thunder—Joe I'm overboard."

"So I see, my lad," roared Joe, who, knowing that I was an excellent swimmer, and therefore was in no danger of drowning, laughed boisterously at my mishap.

"Staw—staw-as-as—Stop your laughter, you con—con—confounded idiot, and help me into the boat," I sputtered, shivering with cold, for the season of the year being the latter end of autumn, the water was far from warm or comfortable, particularly when the bath was so impromptu and unexpected.

I was soon back in the boat, and a good dram from Joe's pocket-pistol soon put warmth into my chilled veins.

My first lesson in jugging being of such a rough experience I was more careful thereafter, and finally was glad to see all of the jugs, twelve in number, floating away slowly with the stream.

"Now, my lad," said Joe, "you'll find dry clothes there in the stern locker; I always keep them on hand when I go jugging. Clap them on and I'll steer the boat after the jugs."

I love the piscatory art. Almost the first thing I can remember was fishing under an ancient bridge of the days of Cromwell, which spanned a tributary of the Boyne—fishing with a pin, for minnows, little silvery-scaled cleavers of the classic waters of that famous river—and never was urchin more overjoyed than I, when I pulled a little wriggling, squirming fellow from his native element.

Now, watching those twelve jugs, bobbing and twisting and circling round and round, even as did the stately dames of the days of "Louis the Grand" in the graceful minuet, I was in my element—I was happy—that is, as happy as one "jugging gaste," I was "content." It was certainly glorious sport—sport which could be enjoyed without any overstraining of the muscles, for all the while I was supposed to do so I leaned lazily athwart the stern of the boat and watch for a bite.

Dip-bob-dip, bob-whizzee-bob-bob-bobbob, and away went the gallon jugs at a mad speed through the muddy waters.

"Hurrah, my lad," yelled Joe, "we've got one; get ready to haul him in while I pull for him."

Joe bent to his oars and pulled close to the bobbing jug which I at length succeeded in grasping by the handle.

"Take care now, Bart," said Joe, "or you'll get another scousing."

I leaned over the gunwhale, seized the jug firmly, pulled up gradually and steadily, and then suddenly up suddenly with a sharp jerk. I landed a twelve-pound Buffalo in the bottom of the boat.

"Bully for you, Bart," laughed Joe, "you are an expert at 'slipping,' a buffalo—now you are at 'pulling in' a thief; now my lad lait the hook and fling the jug back; I see plainly we are going to have glorious sport. They bite keenly."

They did indeed, for in less than an hour we had six splendid fish, averaging at least twenty pounds apiece, slapping their tails against the bottom of the boat, their bright silvery scales scintillating and changing to varied hues in the bright rays of the rising sun.

Our boat had gradually floated down with the stream until we were within a mile of Joe's residence. I was lazily watching the movements of the jugs, now and then casting my eyes on the banks of the river.

"Fine house that, Joe, for such a wild region as this," I said, pointing to a really beautiful one-storied cottage, painted a pure flake white, in elegantly designed porch standing out in bold relief, with lovely morning-glories and cypress vines twining around its fluted columns and creeping along under the eaves, peeping their purple flowers over the window caps.

"Yes," replied Joe, "that's Jackson's residence; his store is behind it; he's our postmaster and storekeeper; mighty nice folks. I'll take you up there this evening and introduce you. Are then jugs doing anything?"

"Nothing," I replied, "I guess all have bitten that are going to bite this morning; we may as well haul in and pull for home."

"Oh, no," returned Joe, "we've got six, let us wait for the seventh, you know, is a lucky number—besides, there's luck in odd numbers."

There was—at least for Joe.

The jugs had floated by this time close to the edge of the bank; the water at this point had shallowed greatly, and I noticed that several of the jugs were at a standstill, the hooks anchoring them, by sinking in the yielding sand.

"Another bite," said Joe, pointing to a jug that was bobbing up and down very close to the shore; "pull him in, Bart, and then we'll take in our fishing gear and pull for home, I'm hungry."

"Not from exertion," I answered, laughing.

"No," he replied, laughing in his turn, "not from exertion, but from sympathy; your arms, my lad, must be sore from pulling in them fish—(pointing to the fish) for there 'stunners,' sure. Now grab at that jug, haul him in, and then for home."

Joe steered the boat till it grazed the sides of the bobbing jug, and I seized it by the handle and lifted—a fish, certainly.

Slowly I pulled in my three feet of line; then a jerk, and landed square on poor Joe's foot (troubled with corns) a —— brass bound box.

"Mother of Moses! my corns!" yelled Joe, dropping the oars and hugging his right foot as tenderly as would a mother her babe.

"A box!" I said, gazing at my haul in surprise.

"A box!" said Joe, still hugging his foot and gazing through tears at the mysterious prize.

Yes, a box, evidently a peddler's box, about two feet long by one foot deep, bound with four brass strips an inch wide, and having two stout brass handles on one side. The hook, in dragging along on the sand bar, had caught in the handles and hence my "queer catch."

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO JACKSON'S.

Supper was over, a really epicurean supper, for Joe, though by no means a gourmand, delighted in the good things of this life; his larder was well supplied, for nearly every boat that touched at Jackson's landing brought something or another in the way of delicacies from the St. Louis market to put in it—jellies, sauces, pickles, preserves, and even truffles from the sunny shores of France. Wines, goodness genious! Joe was not a wine bibber himself, a lover of that heart-warming fluid could desire, if not in quantity, at least in quality: Golden Seal, Lachryma Christi, champagne, pure Heidsieck. I raised my hands in wonder as Joe, with pardonable pride, showed me his wine closet, and casting upon him a look of comic seriousness, said:

"Why, Joe, my boy, you have certainly made a raid on the larder and wine cellar of some millionaire, and secluded yourself here in the backwoods of Missouri to enjoy it."

"Bart, my boy," replied my jovial friend, "I'm well supplied, ain't I. Now all them fixin's, and two-thirds of them I hardly know the taste of, were a present from that eccentric old gentleman in St. Louis, you know him, everybody knows him: 'Old Shaw,' the millionaire—him that gave the city of St. Louis that magnificent garden, valued at a million of dollars. I captured a gang of burglars in his house one night; they had filled a wagon in the alley-way near by with all the truck you see there, besides a heap of silverware, and the old fellow was so tickled that he not only gave me all that was in the wagon, but $50 besides. It don't make a very big bulk, so when I come up here, not knowing what to do with it, I carried it along. You'll initiate me into the merits of all of them, for a born gentleman like yourself of course understands and has a taste for them—eh! old boy."

I told Joe I would help him to dispose of some of his luxuries before I left; and Joe, dear, good old hospitable fellow, at every meal had the table laden with a most incongruous assortment of edibles, fluid and solid: a bottle of Heidseck in juxtaposition with the steaming silver coffee urn; truffles enough to drive a French cook mad at the sight, piled up in a chased glass goblet; a bottle of chow-chow "cheek by jow!" with a silver sugar bowl; and to crown all, four or five spiral stemmed finger glasses, filled to the brim with English tomato catsup.

I laughed heartily at Joe's artistic skill in laying a supper table, and told him that if Delmonico knew of his existence he would certainly engage him at a large salary.

"Don't know much about such things, Bart, old boy, so I just 'mixed 'em' just as the fancy suited me; pile in old fellow, you know 'em all, help yourself; you've got a large assortment to select from."

I laughed, and so pitched in promiscuous like," as the hero of some border romance is always made to say.

Supper over, we adjourned to Joe's little sanctum at the end of the house, and seating ourselves before the blazing fire of hickory logs, lit our pipes and commenced our evening chat.

"Joe," I asked, "what in the name of goodness prompted you to leave your good position on the 'force' and immure yourself in this panther and wolf ridden wilderness?"

"Vanity, Bart; vanity was at the bottom of the whole of it."

"Vanity!" I exclaimed, "I do not understand you. What has vanity to do with your leading the life of a hunt?"

"Thus, my lad;" replied Joe: "I was so confounded vain of my own powers of perception as a detective, that I got the 'big head,' and I doubt my chief one morning that if I didn't fulfill a mission he entrusted me with successfully, I would throw up the profession and go back to first principles—that is, the plow and the hoe. I was raised a farmer's boy. I failed, and here I am."

Joe sighed as he concluded; he evidently was not altogether pleased with his self-imposed banishment. Few are.

"Tell me the story, Joe," I said, for I saw there was a story, and Joe was itching to tell it.

"Well, it happened this way, Bartmoon," said Joe, "a young peddler, a relation by the way of old Nathan, the Jew-banker, who was murdered in New York last year, came up this way peddling his wares. It was noised positively that he got off the Benicon one night about ten o'clock—a dark, rainy, boisterous night they say it was,—and from the time he got off the gangway plank at Jackson's Landing to this "hair or hide" has never been seen of him. He was a spy, young fellow, this little Jew peddler, and of a good family—that is all his family were wealthy Chatham street dealers. Now when one of them kind is missing, Bartmoon, you know they don't spare money to find what's become of him: so in this case his father offered a reward of one thousand dollars, old Nathan offered as much more, and between the whole of 'em there was no less than five thousand dollars reward altogether. My Chief selected me; I have told you my reply to him. I failed, and here I am, and have been for three years."

"What was the peddler's name, Joe?" I asked, after sending a cloud of fragrant smoke curling in fantastic wreaths to the ceiling.

"Anselm Meyer."

"Did you have any knowledge concerning the articles he traded in?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Joe; "at least as far as could be learned from the merchants who supplied him, his stock was not very large but it was costly, in fact, he had in trust for conveyance to a broker in Omaha—a goldsmith and jeweler—watches and diamonds valued at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Hum!" I said, "rather indiscreet to travel in this wilderness with such valuables."

"His destination was Omaha; and you must admit, Bartmoon, there is no express as yet to that city."

"But why did he not keep on the boat? Surely he could find no customers in these wild woods for such ware?"

"He had a pack filled with articles which are saleable in this country, and it is presumed he got off with the intention of trading along the coast until another boat came up. You know he could easily get on at any wood landing."

"True, true," I replied, "and from the hour that he landed until now no clue has been found, eh?"

"Not the slightest."

"Strange."

"No," said Joe; "not strange, Bartmoon, for a little above here on Newton's Island there is a gang of remorseless cut-throats, of the Johnny Murrel stripe, and there is no doubt but that they got their vile hands on the poor fellow, and the muddy Missouri about two feet deep

Joe and myself, still holding the rail, dashed quickly in.

"Yield, you scoundrel!" roared Joe, as rushing on the affrighted and astounded villian, he hurled him headlong into the hole.

With a shrill yell of agony and dismay he made a frantic leap upwards, uttering blasphemous oaths as he did so.

I struck him a blow on the head with the rail.

"The bracelets, Joe, quick!" I exclaimed, seizing Jackson firmly by both wrists. He struggled, yelled, cursed, and bit at my hands in the vain endeavor to free himself from my grasp.

Another moment and he was securely handcuffed and bound firmly to one of the upright posts in the store.

We went to work at the hole and in a few moments brought up the other portions of the remains of the murdered peddler, Anselm Meyer—for that these lime-bleached bones were the damning evidence of the brutal assassination of that unfortunate young man, neither Joe or myself had the shadow of a doubt.

Joe threw up the last handful; they fell rattling on the floor, and Jackson gave a yell of despair.

"Take it away!—take it away! Consarn ye, take it away!" he screamed.

The murderer was gazing with almost bursting eyeballs at something that had slid along the floor, impelled by the impetus given by Joe's hand as he cast the last of the bones out.

We looked towards the spot he was gazing towards, evidently with a feeling of intense and concentrated terror.

"Don't yer see it pintin' at me," he screamed. "Take it away!—take it away!"

A white, glistening object in my hand, lay on the floor within three steps of Jackson, and its index finger was pointed directly towards that horror-stricken individual's eyes.

Singular accidental circumstance; but an affrighted conscience, seated in a superstitious mind, had tortured the incident into a horrible premonition of approaching doom.

The man of crime carries within his own breast the worst of hells—a torturing dread of some coming horror. He feels the power of the great Unknown. He sees the skeleton hand and noted the finger was encircled by a gold ring ,aving a set emerald, surrounded by a small circlet of pearls. I loosened the lime which held the ring to the finger and slipped it off; holding it close to the candle I examined it closely. As I surmised, on the inside of the circlet was engraved in German text:

Anselm Meyer.

"Ah, my lad," said Joe. (bye-the-bye Joe was an Englishman.) "Ah, my lad, the jig is up. Thous art the man."

* * * * * * *

The story I am relating is no sensational narrative. This and foregoing detective stories in these columns are in truth founded on literal fact, and their aim was and will be while they continue to show of what little avail are the manœuvres of criminals to evade the meshes of an outraged law. Not human laws alone must be their dread, for the sure and terrible shadow of God's avenging hand is ever over them, and when their "time is full," falls with awful and most certain precision. So with the wretched murderer, Jackson; for three years he had lived in fancied security; not a soul in the county he resided in had the faintest idea that he was a murderer. Even Joe Whipple, a keen-eyed, shrewd detective, on the trail of the assassin of poor Anselm Meyer, failed to see in this man anything that could in the least excite suspicion. It remained for a stranger, a detective from a far off city, who had never heard of either Jackson or his victim, by an accident, mysterious as it was unexpected, to draw from the very mud of the Missouri, the first evidence of a crime which finally brought the criminal to a fearful and ignominious death on the scaffold. Verily God works slowly but surely for the destruction of the wicked. Yes, the vile murderer was hanged, and the murdered man's property recovered. The bones of his wretched victim, after first condemning him before a tribunal of his peers, were sent in an elegant rosewood coffin provided by the friends and relatives of the murdered youth, to the city of New York, and they are now beneath a grassy knoll in the cemetery of Greenwood. The ring found on the skeleton finger was, as I surmised, one of an ancient style of workmanship, so arranged that one set could be taken out and another substituted if desired. The diamond found in the box fitted exactly in the aperture left when the emerald and pearl setting was removed.

Well, my story is told; yet, ere I drop my pen for a space, a word or two about genial, big-hearted Joe Whipple. He received the reward and would have divided with me, but against this I strenuously protested. In the thriving, busy, bustling, wealthy city of St. Louis, Joe set up in business, and—well, married. Last Christmas day three boxes arrived per express at my residence; one contained some elegant infantile toys for "Joseph Whipple Bartmoon," another a beautiful and costly souvenir in the shape of a miniature watch for my wife, Mary, and the other a painting by Missouri's great artist, Bingham. It represents a "jugging" scene on the Missouri—two men in a boat, one is laughing heartily, while the other with outstretched arms seems to be making a frantic plunge into the midst of a number of jugs floating lazily by; another jug seems whirling through the air, and from its handle a very taut string with a large hook at the other end caught in the upper lip and rear extremity of the man's unmentionables, gives him a pressing invitation to "fly love with me."

The man's face bore a striking resemblance to the detective Bartmoon, and I had a faint idea that I had been an unwilling observer of the incident somewhere.

A PRIZE.

"I will say but one thing in praise of my daughter," said a happy father at that daughter's wedding-breakfast. "She is a thorough and practical housekeeper." Could any compliment have been higher? What an indorsement it was of the good sense and prospective comfort of her husband! For a man has so much of the animal in his nature that he cares more for a good dinner than he does—so long as his appetite is unappeased—to listen to the music of the spheres.

Heavy bread has made many hearty beaux grow rise to dyspepsia and its herd of accompanying torments. Girls that desire that their husband should be amiable and kind should learn how to make light bread. A story is told of a happy wife, who, when asked how she managed her husband so successfully, replied with a roguish smile, "My dear, I feed him well." There is a great deal in that. Those wives who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at housekeeping. The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity; and those who are forgetful of this fact commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed.

ALL other griefs are at least respectable; love sorrows alone are only ludicrous.

REUNITED.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The gladness of meeting,
The fondness of greeting;
Reward us to-day for the long separation;
Amid the soft kisses,
The loving heart misses,
The ache for which joy makes a sweet reparation.

The days that were numbered,
And with longing cumbered,
Grow glad and dance on in their gala array;
For we are together,
The olden cords tether,
We moot not that distance sang her rondelay.

The ambient morning
The blue dome adorning
Forgetteth the clouds that hung dark yesternight;
The angels in Heaven,
To whom God has given,
Immortal reunion in His realm of light

Love all recollection
Of sorrowful dejection,
That clung to their garments the travel-tired way;
Mid glory's concentrance,
Which our meetings semblance,
The mists of the evening add lustre to-day.

EFFIE'S CHARM.

I suppose it was only to be expected in the natural course of events that my sister Effie should be married some day; but I certainly did, do, and always shall think that that hateful Hallow-Eve spell she was prevailed upon to try last October had the effect of hastening the evil day.

Not but that cousin Tom was over head and ears in love with her long before, as anybody could have plainly seen; but I still maintain that it would not have come about so soon had it not been for the circumstance to which I allude.

Superstitious, did you say? Nothing of the sort. No sensible girl ever did believe in mystic spells and such rubbish; so please give me your attention for a short time, whilst I tell my story.

Effie and I are the two eldest girls of our large family. She was nineteen and I a year younger last summer, when we were staying with a distant relative who, good old soul, is never so happy as when she has a lot of her dear nephews and nieces about her.

Of all the delightful, romantic old houses i have ever seen, Brookdale Priory, as it is called, is the most delightful and romantic. It is a stately, ancient-looking building, quite falling away in some parts, with gables and peaks and old-fashioned windows and doors, except where the so-called improvements have been made—gross sacrilege, in my opinion; though of course auntie's rheumatism has to be considered, and draughts did not suit it. The front of the house is almost entirely covered with ivy, while the south side, at the time of our visit, had the most beautiful roses and delicious honeysuckles climbing up to the bed-room windows to greet us every morning with their fragrant perfume.

It was such a pleasant change to us, after our close town home, to look out from our room on trees and flowers, and far away over green hills, fields, and woodlands—to go out in the balmy summer evenings, and watch the magnificent sun sink in a gold and purple splendor in the western horizon, and then stroll home by the meadow path in the delicious, dreamy, quiet twilight. I know some one who enjoyed it, at any rate!

Effie and I had come down to Brookdale in July, intending to return home in September; but the days and weeks kept gliding past so swiftly that October was come and almost gone again, and still there we were, with no more inclination to leave than on the first day of our arrival. And auntie was quite as willing to keep us as we were to stay.

As I have said, it was the end of October —the evening of the thirty-first, in fact—and we were chatting comfortably round the fire in the large old dining-room. Beside ourselves, there were staying in the house a Mr. Crosslands and his sister Maud, the latter an old school companion of ours; so we got on together capitally.

Mr. Crosslands, or "Cousin Tom," as he had the unblushing effrontery to designate himself, for he really had no claim on the title, had been traveling, and had merely "looked in for a day" at Brookdale on his way home. But the old Priory seemed to have a great attraction for him; and as he happened to be slightly acquainted with some people in the neighborhood, it was a good excuse for prolonging his stay.

So it happened on this particular evening, that we were all sitting cosily in the fitful glimmer of the firelight, talking over things in general in a very lively manner.

"By-the-bye, young ladies, don't you know what to-day is?" inquired "cousin" Tom, suddenly breaking a short pause.

"Thursday, thirty-first of October," I replied promptly.

"What of it?" asked Effie. "Is it a saint's day, or a fast day, or is there to be an eclipse?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered he. "You had better ask auntie, as you seem to be in such a lamentable state of ignorance."

Auntie looked up from her knitting.

"I daresay he is thinking of Hallow Eve, my dears," she informed us with a placid smile. "I thought a good deal of it when I was a girl—I was very foolish, no doubt—but we used to have great fun."

"Hallow Eve!" exclaimed Effie, gleefully. "Oh, how nice! And this dear old house is just the very place to try mystic spells in; do wish I knew of one. Do tell me of one, auntie—there's an old darling!" And she drew a low stool up to her aunt's chair, and looked up in that pretty beseeching way which no one could resist.

"Effie, I am really surprised at you!" was my reproving remark, at which "cousin" Tom laughed. My paper having made me elder sister amused him immensely.

"Oh, my dear, I have forgotten them," demurred auntie. "Perhaps," she added, slyly, "cousin Tom knows of one, as it was he who first mentioned the subject."

"If cousin Effie will promise me to try it, I will gladly put her of one," rejoined that gentleman quickly.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated Maud, in almost breathless astonishment at her brother's apparent interest in such stuff and nonsense. "Tom, are you going mad, or what can you mean?"

"I am in the full possession and enjoyment of all my senses, thank you, dear, and I mean precisely what I say—that, if Ef—Miss Effie will try the charm of which I shall tell her, she will be gratified with a view of the face belonging to her future spouse."

"Preposterous!" uttered Maud, disdainfully.

I was silent from sheer surprise, auntie laughed, and Effie gave a little shudder, as though the words had sent a thrill through her.

"You are not in earnest, really, cousin Tom, are you?" asked Effie, gravely.

"Most certainly," he replied, laughing at our incredulous faces. "Why should you think otherwise?"

"Tom, you are most absurd," pronounced his sister severely. "I have never heard of such a ridiculous idea before. I did not think you were so superstitious."

"Will you kindly suspend your judgment till to-morrow, and, if what I tell you does not prove perfectly correct, you may call me what you like. The charm or spell to which I allude is simply this: At exactly twelve o'clock to-night you enter a room alone, and eat an apple before your mirror, slowly brushing your hair the while, and—upon my sacred honor, I am not joking—you behold reflected the face belonging to your future husband."

Tom delivered himself of these directions in a profoundly oracular way, and, after he had finished, we were all silent for a few moments, wondering what he meant; for of course there must be some trick in it, we felt sure.

"I wouldn't do it, Effie, if I were you," was Maud's advice. "Tom is up to some mischief, depend upon it."

"Maud, I do wish you wouldn't interfere. I'm not up to any mischief, as you say. Miss Effie may perform the ceremony in her own private apartment, having first searched it, locked the door, and secured herself from intruders. I must say it's very flattering of you to shake your heads and vow disbelief, as though I were an habitual fibber. Just try it, cousin Effie, and then you will see that even I can tell the truth sometimes. Do you promise?"

"You are a highly moral character, no doubt," observed my sister, with a slight toss of her dainty curls, "and I should feel rather frightened at the thought of facing a strange man in the dead of the night." She spoke so gravely, as if she really believed it all, that we could not keep from laughing, and Tom went into convulsions.

"But my dear cut"—how I detested his odious familiarity—he argued, when he had recovered sufficient breath to speak, "you misunderstand me. My exact words were, the face belonging to your future husband. How do you know he will be a strange man?"

This was said in a low, insinuating manner, so I thought the topic had better be dismissed before it became dangerous.

"It's all the same thing, I suppose," said I, with acidity. "Auntie don't you think the lamps should be brought. We are all getting absurdly sentimental here in the dark."

* * * * * * *

Effie, after a little more coaxing, consented to try the spell. She did as the specified hour, and was highly indignant at seeing nothing more than her own reflection in her own pretty face in the glass. Maud and I were not in the room, but just outside, within call, in case she felt alarmed when the apparition appeared; for, to confess the truth, we all three expected, in a vague sort of way, to see something. How angry we were with Tom! We vowed to serve him out for it; and yet we laughed at ourselves when the entire absurdity of the thing struck us.

The next morning, when I had come downstairs I found that it was considerably past the breakfast hour, and I prepared for a rebuke from auntie for my laziness; but on entering the room, to my surprise, that meal was not yet begun, and I was the sole occupant. I had scarcely said good morning when auntie came bustling in.

"My dear children what are you all thinking of this morning? Jane is near frantic at breakfast being so late, and cousin Tom and Effie have actually not appeared yet! Is really is—ha!" Auntie's eyes were directed towards our window, which she ours industriously followed, and great was our astonishment at seeing my sister Effie, all blushes and smiles, and that man Tom, his face wearing a most provokingly triumphant expression, with his arm actually around her waist! There they were, sauntering up coolly and unconcernedly, quite unconscious that the whole house was three hungry people from breakfast. No wonder aunt stood petrified at the sight. Although she had had a pretty good idea of the state of things between them before, the climax had come very unexpectedly. As for me, I felt as if I was not quite awake yet.

"Good morning, lady and gentleman,' was her greeting, as they came in. "And pray, Tom, I should like to know what you think of yourself."

"Think of myself?" he repeated, radiant with smiles. "Why, I think I'm the happiest man alive! Won't you congratulate me?"

"Upon what?" inquired I, tartly.

Tom gave a sideling glance at my sister as he replied—

"Effie and I have been for a short stroll, and she has promised—not to love, honor and obey you—that will follow in the course of time—but to regard me as her 'future husband' —eh, darling?" The two last words were of course addressed to the blushing object of his adoration.

"And how about the charm of last night?" questioned Maud. "I thought, Effie, you were offended past forgiving."

"He has told me stories, Maud, answered Effie, anxious to remove the stain from Tom's character. "It was a catch, certainly, and hardly fair."

"All's fair in love, murmured Tom, *sotto voce*.

"But it was stupid of us not to see it. He said—he meant—that you—Oh, Tom, dear, you tell them—I can't," she concluded, in helpless confusion. So "Tom dear" obediently did as requested, and explained as follows:

"You will recollect, ladies, that I promised Effie a glimpse of the face belonging to her future husband."

"Yes, and it was a scandalous story," I exclaimed, "for she saw nothing but her own face.

"Precisely so. But when she is married she will belong to her husband. Her own face therefore is the one which must necessarily be the property of her future husband. Don't you understand?"

Was there ever such a trick? For trick it was, whatever they liked to call it.

I didn't think much of his explanation; but Effie accepted it—and him too a short time afterwards, on whose humiliation occasion I so far overcame my objection to her marriage as to officiate as chief bridesmaid. And, in justice to Tom, I must say that, if she is not one of the happiest wives in the country, it is not his fault. Indeed I rather begin to doubt whether she could possibly have done better.

MANY people are not aware of the magnitude of the territory embraced within the limits of the boundaries of Texas. France does not contain as many square miles by 40,000, and were every man, woman, and child in the United States to emigrate to Texas, she would not be populated so thickly to the square mile as Massachusetts. Texas has no exotic France in salubrity of climate and in the variety of products. That part of Texas lying east of the Trinity river is thickly wooded, and accounted the most salubrious climate. Crossing the Trinity you come to the prarie portion of the State. From the Trinity to the Brazos you pass through the heart of the settled and wealthy part of the State. Splendid barns, fine residences, beautiful cities and towns enchant and delight the traveler's eye. It is even so until you approach the Colorado river, the very frontier of civilized Texas.

THE TELEPHONE.

At noon on Wednesday last, a distinguished party of gentlemen were assembled at the office of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company, on Congress street, in order to witness a series of experiments performed on the telephone between the inventor, Professor A. Graham Bell, there, and his associate, Mr. Thomas A. Watson, at the residence of Mr. Cauverse, at Malden, about six miles distant.

Professor Bell had been invited by some of our most prominent citizens to give a practical demonstration of the most recent developments of an invention which, in accordance with its name, has already sounded far and wide the fame of the telephone.

Before entering into the details of the experiments performed on Wednesday, we shall say something of the nature of the telephone, its past, its future, and its inventor.

The telephone, in its present form, consists of a powerful, compound, permanent magnet, to the polis of which are attached ordinary telegraphic coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is placed a diaphragm of iron. A mouth piece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm is substantially completes the arrangement. As is well-known, the motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a current of electricity in coils surrounding the poles of the magnet, and the duration of this current of electricity coincides with the duration of the motion of the steel or iron moved or vibrated in the pen-sunlity of the magnet. When the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils environing the magnets precisely analogous to the undulations of the air produced by that voice. These coils are connected with the line wire, which may be of any length, provided the insulation be good. The undulations which are induced in these coils travel through the line wire, and, passing through the coils of an instrument of precisely similar construction at the distant station, are again resolved into air undulations by the diaphragm of this instrument.

The simplicity of Prof. Bell's system will be at once apparent when it is known that the voltaic battery is entirely dispensed with. All that is required for communicating between the most distant points are instruments and the telegraph wire, the latter taking the place of the speaking tube and the former that of the mouth piece. The short distance which mastered Messrs. Bell and Watson in their experiments on Wednesday must by no means be considered a gauge of the instrument, as any effect produced by electricity over a short wire can with equal facility be produced over one extending one hundred, or, for that matter, one thousand miles, provided, of course, that the insulation be good. In fact, the inventors have already conversed through an artificial resistance far exceeding that of any of the Atlantic cables. Although to the uninitiated this might seem to imply that conversation could be carried on across the Atlantic by this means, yet as all electricians and men of science are aware, there are other elements entering into the consideration of such a problem besides that of mere resistance. As a proof of the rapid progress made in this science it may be stated that it is only within the past few months that the instrument has been sufficiently perfected to allow of free and easy conversation taking place through this new vehicle.

It would perhaps be wearisome were we to narrate at length the various phases through which the invention has passed. The history of all important inventions is the same. It is only after years of weary, patient toil, of successive failures and discouragements, and of constant silent watching, that a man can hope successfully to develop the product of his brain and his intelligence. This has been the case with Professor Bell who, by birth a Scotchman, came over to Boston from Canada in 1872. In the following year he was offered and accepted the professorship of vocal physiology at the Boston University.

This was chiefly owing to the fame enjoyed both by Professor Bell and by his father as teachers of this much neglected science in Europe. The Bell system of physiological symbols has been so thoroughly successful in this country as to completely revolutionize the methods of instructing the deaf and dumb, and within the last six months four new schools for this special purpose have been opened in Michigan, Maine, Illinois and New York, while the system has also been introduced into a large proportion of the establishments of this class already existing in the United States.

Besides its beneficent influence on those persons deprived of the ordinary faculties of hearing and speaking, the Bell system has very lately facilitated the acquirement by Europeans of such languages as Chinese, Japanese, Lingalese and the Zulu dialect. We mention this circumstance because it is simply as a result of the constant attention paid by Professor Bell to the mechanism of the human voice, both in instructing teachers, and in directly ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, that he has devised his telephonic system.

The experiments were as follows: Telephones having been connected with the private telegraphic line of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company and the operators at either end having taken up their station, conversation was at once commenced. Stationed at the Boston end of the wire, Professor Bell requested Mr. Watson to speak in loud tones, with a view of enabling the entire company at once to distinguish the sounds.

This was so successful that a smile of mingled pleasure and surprise played on the features of those present. That it, however, might not be supposed that loud speaking was essential to intelligibility, Mr. Bell explained that soft tone could be heard across the wires, even more distinctly than loud utterances, as in whisper being audible. In the confirmation of this statement, Mr. Watson commenced speaking in turn with each member of the company, and after the efficiency of this method had been proved to the satisfaction of all, he took up a newspaper and informed the assemblage that gold had closed the previous evening at New York at 105 5-8. As there were quite a number of business men present, the effect that this practical demonstration of the value of the telephone produced can scarcely be exaggerated. Other passages from the daily journals were then given, and by this time desire for conversation having become general, Mr. Watson was pired with questions quite as, Is it thawing or freezing in Malden? Who will be the next President? etc., etc. It was remarkable that Mr. Watson was able to distinguish between the voices at the Boston end, he calling at least one gentleman by name as soon as the latter commenced speaking.

This went on for some time until a lady at the Malden end sent the company an invitation to lunch per telephone, and an appropriate response was made by the same medium. At length the company were requested to remain quiet while a lady at the other end conveyed to them the sweet strains of music. The assemblage thereupon listened with rapt attention while a young lady commenced singing. "The Last Rose of Summer." The effect was simply charming. Possessing as the fair cantatrice does a voice of exquisite sweetness, the sounds penetrated into the Boston end of the telephone with a distinctness equal to that attained in the more distant parts of a large concert room, and a unanimous vote of thanks was sent by the handy little instrument which had procured for the assemblage so agreeable an hour. Among those present were electricians and gentlemen occupying prominent positions on our Western railroads, and one and all expressed the conviction that the telephone was destined to achieve the greatest possible results. Let us hope that the day is fast approaching when every man will be in a position to turn on the electricity in his house with the same facility with which he now turns on the water or the gas.—*Boston Transcript*.

REVIEWS.

THE rapidly growing interest in art as connected with pottery ware, makes a brief but comprehensive work by Arthur Beckwith, entitled "Majolica and Faience" a timely contribution for the benefit of its votaries. The progress of the manufacture is traced from ancient Persia down through Moorish Spain, Italy, Sicily, Majorica and the various factories which contributed specimens to the Centennial Exhibition. The subject is fully illustrated by a large number of photoengravings of the designs, and of the marks or signatures of the leading factories. Chapters are added giving the general principles of art-work and painting on pottery. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

LEE & SHEPARD of Boston announce "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, uniform with the "Young Folks' History of the United States" which has become so deservedly popular.

A. S. BARNES & Co., New York, have completed arrangements for the publication of the "Memoirs of P. T. Barnum," the sewer singer. It is prepared by his friend and companion, Major D. W. Whittle, of Chicago, with an introduction by D. L. Moody. It is to be issued immediately.

THE *Westminster Review*, from the same house contains, "A Ministry of Justice"—"The Warfare of Science,"—"The Factory and Workshop Acts,"—"The Life of the Prince Consort,"—"The Turkish Question; Russian Designs, and English Profession of them, "—"John Locke, "—"Independent Contribution. The Financial Difficulties of the Government of India,"—"Contemporary Literature."

THE *Edinburgh Review* for January recently issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, opens with an article maintaining the authenticity of the fourth Gospel as written by John. "Travels in the Caucasus" points out the importance to England of having Asia Minor in the hands of a power that is not opposed to her interests, and gives an account of that region. "Forel on the Ants of Switzerland" is an interesting chapter of natural history, devoted to the habits of some of the "social ants," their method of building and living, their slaves and their cows. "Mediterranean Deltas" discusses the physical changes made in the Nile, Po and Rhone. It contains also "The Paston Letters" the correspondence of a Norfolk family who attained wealth and position in the fifteenth century; "New Arctic Lands," an account of the Austro-Hungarian expedition of 1872-74; "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne"; "Discoveries at Ephesus"; "Lorenzo de Medici"; and an article on "Turkey and Russia."

Blackwood's Magazine from the same house, has a long article on the "Situation in America," which is perhaps as correct as the accounts written by foreigners of the political complications in other countries generally are.

The paper on "Philanthropy in War" is written by a soldier and philanthropist, who was at the battle of Sedan, and he authorized during the Franco-German war. He explains the relief systems adopted by various countries, and discusses the question as to the legitimate nature of this kind of neutral help.

The article entitled "New Books" notices several recently published biographies, the most noticeable of which, perhaps, is the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," by Samuel Smiles. The sketch of his life and character here given is well worth reading. He was born in the humblest station, as a famous natural philosopher without ceasing to make shoes, or attaining in his old age to any seat more easy than that of the familiar bench.

Part IX. of the "Woman-Hater" leaves us in doubt whether a few more chapters will finish the story, or whether, like the book, it will go on forever.

A new serial, "Pauline," is commenced in this number. The heroine appears to be a person of a determined, not to say obstinate character, and the indications are that she will meet with a series of interesting adventures.

HAVE COURAGE.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that, by the representation of the better the worst may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet home is left me still, and my land, or I have a fair wife, and children, and good friends, and good hopes. If I have lost one child it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and do not by vain fears forestall the future, for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards tomorrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like a little infant, to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough though it were then when to meet it. Let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessing of this day, if Heaven sends them, and the evils of it bear prudently and soberly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

FRETTING.

One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can disturb the harmony of a neighborhood, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul, what a cold icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable.

THERE is no error so crooked but it has in it some lines of truth. This is why it is so unsuccessful.

NEWS NOTES.

ENGLAND has 500,000 Freemasons and 1000 lodges.

A FEMALE architect has lately opened an office in Boston.

LONDON dispensed last year about $35,-000,000 in charity.

MORE than fifty Massachusetts towns have women for school officers.

A RECENT census of the Black Hills shows the population to be 6650.

NEW HAVEN is organizing a fruit-growing colony, for Southern California.

A CALIFORNIAN now proposes to sail to Liverpool by way of Cape Horn, in a boat only twenty feet long.

TWELVE men under sentence of death are now confined in the jails of Carbon and Schuylkill, in this State.

IT is asserted in San Francisco that a new census of that city will show that it has a population of 300,000.

THE colored people of Georgia own 457, 035 acres of land and property in the aggregate valued at $2,500,000.

A NEWSPAPER printed in English is to be established at St. Petersburg, and will be the first of its kind there.

IN Paris there are fifty-eight butchers of horses, who last year sold 9271 horses, asses and mules, in joints and steaks.

THE direct United States Cable Company have given notice of a reduction of rates to twenty-five cents, gold, per word.

NEARLY eight thousand persons worm out a living in silk manufacture in the State of New Jersey; There are $20,000,-000 in it.

NEARLY 100,000, Germans are settled in some forty counties in Texas, particularly Comal and Guadaloup, and they are highly successful as agriculturists.

A VERY old married couple named Minor live at Fall River, Mass. The husband is more than one hundred years of age, and the wife eighteen months younger.

AN English official report on the Chinese coolie traffic, says, that of the more than 140,000 Chinese who sailed for Cuba, upwards of 16,000 died during the voyage.

THE survey of the Harrisburgh and Potomac railroad from Funkstown, Md., to Chambersburg, Pa., has been completed, and the line is reported to be easy of construction.

IT is reported that the city of Monrovia, in Liberia, is about to open public schools, and the Mayor is seeking information in regard to the Massachusetts system of education.

THE Montana Legislature has changed the name of the Little Big Horn River to Custer River, in memory of the brave cavalry leader, who met his death on its banks.

A "Horse Thief Detecting Society," lately organized in Orange county N. Y., has a President, three Vice Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and an Executive Committee of twenty-four.

A COLONY of three hundred families of Pennsylvanians are about locating in Arkansas, between Conway and Ozark, on the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad, where land is selling at from three dollars to twelve dollars per acre.

THE shipments of quicksilver from San Francisco on February 16 were the largest in the history of the trade, extensive as it has been for a few years, amounting to 4467 flasks, valued at $151,964. The total shipments for January by sea were 2735 flasks, and for the first half of February 6719 flasks.

THE number of vessels of war of all the maritime nations now afloat, according to some official statistics lately published in Germany, to 2939, of which 209 were iron-clags. The armament comprised 3,980,000 men and 15,000 guns; 110 war vessels, including 56 iron-clads, were in course of construction.

INVESTIGATION into the burning of the court house of Monterey county, California, shows that it was fired for the purpose of destroying the records so as to cover up a defalcation in the tax collector's office of several thousand dollars. The alleged defaller and several prominent citizens have been arrested.

THE London *Times* published a letter from Pera, dated February 23, which says the condition of most of the Asiatic provinces to Turkey, in consequence of the drain of men from agricultural labors to the army is described as deplorable, and almost sure, if continued, to lead to a more disastrous famine than that of 1874.

HALTSTONE is the leading grain port of the country. During the first five weeks of the present year she received 34 2 per cent. of the entire grain receipts of the six Atlantic ports, against 31 2 per cent for New York and 22 5 for Philadelphia. Of corn Baltimore has received more than double New York and 44 6 per cent of the entire receipts of all the ports.

A Mr. Woodruff, of Indianapolis, who has long been arranging for a grand excursion around the world, announces that he has secured the required number of excursionists, and will sail from San Francisco in June. His scheme is to take sixty persons at $4000 each. He is to furnish the vessel, provisions, &c., and conduct the excursion for two years.

THE bill to locate the Capital of West Virginia has passed both houses of the Legislature, and will probably receive Governor Jacobs' signature. The officers of election are to receive no pay. The first election is to be between Charleston, Clarksburg, and Martinsburg, and the last between two of the three towns receiving the highest vote at the first election. It is substantially the same bill we mentioned some weeks ago.

OVER 200 men joined in a peculiar hunt in Anderson county, Kansas, the other day. They formed a large circle and advanced towards a central point, driving a large number of animals as they went. Fire arms were prohibited, on account of the danger to the men, and the weapons consisted of knives and clubs. Thirteen deer and many rabbits were killed; but of eight wolves that were surrounded only two were slaughtered, the others escaping through the timidity of the hunters.

WHEN YOUR LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, and you will assist the biliary system in regaining a healthy condition, and get rid of many distressing symptoms.

TWO THIRDS of all the housekeepers in this country are suffering an incredible amount of discomfort by down draft in their kitchen chimneys. The Spiral Draft Chimney Regulator will cure it. Send stamp for circular. COLFORD & CO., 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RETROSPECT.

BY H. F. HENDERSON.

There's a wind in the woods
And a hush on the sea,
And a thrill in my heart
Like the thrill of the sea,
When it throws up its glittering spray
In the face of a midsummer day

There's a hush in the woods,
And a hush on the sea,
And a calm in my heart
Like the calm of the sea,
As it slumbers 'mid purple and white
In the arms of a Lune-lit night.

There's a wind in the woods,
And a wail on the sea,
And a wail in my heart
Like the wail of the sea,
When it dashes its dewdrops and waves
Into dim subterranean caves.

Was it love in his heart
That faded away
Like the song of the birds
At the close of the day?
O Death, there is kinder than Life
To the widow who never was wife!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No 33, Vol 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

HUMILIATION.

The one most altered of them was Charles. Altered in looks, in bearing, in manners—above all, in spirit. All his pride had flown; all his self-conscious importance had disappeared, as down a summer wind flown and disappeared for ever. Had the discipline he was subjected to been transient, lasting for a few weeks, let us say, or even months, the improving circles might have worn away with renewed favorable circumstances, had such set in again, leaving no trace for good. But when this kind of depressing mortification continues for years, the lesson it implants on the mind is generally permanent. Day by day, every day of his life, and every hour in the day, Charles Raynor was subjected to the humiliations (as he looked upon them, and to him they were indeed such) that attend the position of a working clerk. He who had been reared in the notions of a gentleman, and had believed himself to be the undoubted future possessor of Eagles' Nest, found himself reduced by fate to this subordinate capacity, ordered about by the gentlemen clerks, and regarded as an individual not at all to be associated with them. "Raynor, do this; Raynor, do the other; Raynor, go thither; Raynor, come hither." He was at their beck and call, and obliged to be; he had to submit to them as his superiors, not only his superiors in the office, but his superiors as men: above all, he had to submit to their off-hand tones, which always implied, unwittingly perhaps to themselves, but all too apparent to Charles's ear, a consciousness of the distinction that existed between them. They were gentlemen; he was of the fraternity of those that labor for their bread as servants to others.

How galling this was to Charles Raynor, you, my reader, may imagine, but it can never be described. At first it was all but unbearable. Over and over again he thought he must run away from it, and escape to a land where these distinctions exist not. He might dig for gold in California; he might clear a settlement for himself in the backwoods of America; and the life in either place would be as paradise compared with one at Prestleigh and Preen's. Nothing but the broad fact that the weekly wages he earned were absolutely necessary to aid in his mother's and the family's support, detained him. To give that aid was his imperative duty before God: for, had it not been through him and his supine carelessness that they were reduced to this extremity of need? So Charles Raynor, helped on by the ever-ready word of counsel from Edina, endured his troubles, put up with his humiliation, and bore onwards with the best resolution he could call up.

And, as the time went on, he grew to feel then some of that less keenly. Habit reconciles us in a degree to the worst of all things, no matter what that worst may be. But he had learnt a lesson that would last him for his whole life: never again could he be the arrogant young fellow who thought the world was made for his especial delectation. He had gained experience; he had found his level; he saw what existence was worth, and that he who would be happy in it must first learn and understand their duties in it. His very nature was changed: haughty self-sufficiency, selfish indifference had given place to modest self-containment, to a subdued thoughtfulness of habit, to an earnest sense of others' needs as well as his own, and to a settled aim to help him. Frank Raynor, with all his sunny-heartedness, his boundless geniality, could not be more ready with a helping hand, than was Charles. Another discipline, perhaps, that the world could inflict would have had this same effect upon Charles Raynor; it had made a man of him, and if a subdued, a good one. And so, he went on, reconciled to a degree to his changed life after his two years' spell at it, and looking forward to no better prospect for the future; all prospect seemed so entirely hopeless.

A little fresh care had come upon them this autumn, in the return of Alice. Changes had taken place in the school at Richmond, and her services were no longer required. Edina borrowed the advertisement sheet of the *Times* every morning, and caused Alice to write to any notice that appeared likely. As yet—a fortnight had gone on—nothing had come of it.

"Nobody seems to want a governess," remarked Alice one Monday morning, as they rose from breakfast, and Charles was brushing his hat to depart. "I suppose there are too many of us."

"By the one half," assented Edina. "Some lady in this neighborhood recently advertised for a governess for her daughters, directing the answers to be addressed to Jones's library, where we get these papers. Mr. Jones told me that the first day's post brought more than one hundred letters."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alice.

"The lady engaged one of the applicants," continued Edina, "and then discovered she was the daughter of a small inferior shopkeeper at Camberwell. That put her out of respect of governesses, and she has sent her children to school."

"I should not wish to be hard, I'm sure, or to speak against any class of people," interposed Mrs. Raynor, in her meek, deprecating voice; "but I do think that some of the young women who put themselves forward as governesses would do much better for servants. Those inferior persons are helping to jostle the gentlewomen governesses out of the field—as Edina calls it."

"Will they jostle me?" cried Alice, looking up in fear. "Oh, Charley, I wish you could hear of something for me!—you go into the world, you know."

Charles, saying good-bye and kissing his mother, went off with a smile at the words: he was thinking how unlikely it was that he should hear of anything. Governesses did not come within the radius of Prestleigh and Preen's. Nevertheless, singular to say, Charles did hear tell of a vacant situation that selfsame day, and heard it in the office. It chanced in this way:

In the course of the afternoon the head clerk despatched Charles to Mr. Preen's room with a message. He was about to deliver it when Mr. Preen waved his hand for him to wait: a friend of his who had been sitting with him had risen to take his leave.

"When shall we see Mrs. Preen to spend her promised day with us?" asked the gentleman, as he was shaking hands. "My wife has been expecting her all the week."

"I don't know when you will see her," was the reply. "The little girl is in consequence of her mother's serious illness, and now sends us word that she will not be able to leave home again.

"Well, you will easily find a substitute, Preen."

"Two or three ladies have already applied, but Mrs. Preen did not fancy them. She will have to advertise, I suppose."

Charles drank in the words. He delivered the message, and took Mr. Stroud the answer, his head full of Alice. If she could get the situation! Mrs. Preen seemed a nice woman, and the two little girls were nice: he had seen them occasionally at the office. Alice would be sure to be happy there.

Sitting down to his desk, he went on with his writing, making one or two mistakes, and drawing down upon him the anger of Mr. Stroud. But his mind was far away, deliberating whether he might or could do aught.

Speak to Mr. Preen? He hardly liked to do it; the copying clerks kept at a respectful distance. And yet, why should he not? It seemed to be the only chance. Then came in a thought that made Charley's face burn like fire: would his sister be deemed worthy of the post? Well, he could but make the trial.

Just before the time of quitting for the night, Charles went to Mr. Preen's room, knocked at the door, and was bade to enter. Mr. Preen was standing in front of his desk, in the act of locking it, and a gentleman sat close by: the latter was duly extinguished by a large easy chair which had been old Mr. Callard's. Charles could see nothing but the back of his head, for the high, well-stuffed chair hid all the rest of him. He was reading his paper in his hand, and as reading it by the light of one gas-burner; the other burner had been put out. To see this stranger took Charles aback.

"What is it?" questioned Mr. Preen.

Charles hesitated. "I had thought you were alone, sir."

"All the same. Say, what you want."

"I have taken the liberty of coming to speak to you on a private matter, sir; but——" There he stopped.

"Say it," cried Mr. Preen.

"When I was in this room to-day, sir, I heard you tell a gentleman that your little girls were in want of a governess."

"Well?"

"Sir, what I am about to say may seem to you presumptuous—but my sister is seeking for just such a situation. If you—if Mrs. Preen—would but see her——"

Your sister?" returned the lawyer, with, Charles thought, cold surprise. It damped him; made him feel shrinkingly, sensitively little.

"Oh, pray do not judge of my sister by me, sir!—I mean by the position I occupy here," implored Charles, all his pre-arranged speeches forgotten, and speaking straight out of his wounded feelings, his full heart. "You only know me as a young man working for his daily bread, and very poor. But indeed we are gentlepeople; not only by birth and education, but in mind and habits. I was copying a deed to-day, the lease of a farm on the estate of Eagles's Nest. Do you know it, sir?"

"Eagles' Nest?" asked Mr. Preen. "That you were copying it, or the deed, or the estate?"

"Eagles' Nest."

"I know it only from being solicitor to its owner. As my predecessor, Mr. Callard, was before me."

"That estate was ours, sir. When Mr. George Atkinson came to take possession of it he turned us out. It had come to my father from his sister, Mrs. Atkinson, and we lived in it for a year, never dreaming it possible that it could be wrested from us. But at the year's end a later will came to light: my aunt had left Eagles' Nest to Mr. George Atkinson, passing my father over."

Charles stopped to gather breath and firmness. The remembrance of his father, and of their subsequent misfortunes, and privations, well nigh unnerved him. Mr. Preen listened in evident surprise.

"But—was your father Major Raynor, of Eagles' Nest?"

"Yes, sir."

"You never mentioned it."

"To what end if I had?" returned Charles: while the stranger took a momentary glance at his shoulder at Charles, and then bent over his newspaper again, as though the matter and the young clerk were no concern of his. "Now that my position in life has so much altered, I would rather let people assume I was born a copying clerk, than the heir to Eagles' Nest."

"It sounds like a romance," cried Mr. Preen.

"For us it has been, and is only too stern reality; but I do not wish to trouble you with these affairs, sir, and I should not have presumed to allude to them but for wishing to show you that Alice is superior to what you would imagine her to be as my sister. She is a very excellent governess indeed, accomplished, and a thorough lady."

"And you say she is in want of a situation?"

"Yes, sir. She has been for two years teacher in a school at Richmond. If Mrs. Preen would but consent to see her!—if she would but try her!—I think, I know, she would be pleased with her. I do not say so on purpose to get her the place," he continued, earnestly and truthfully, "but because I do really believe she could and would fulfil such duties as Mrs. Preen would put before her. Mrs. Preen, she can."

"Oh, thank you; thank you very much, sir," said Charles. "I am sure you will like Alice."

"Stay; not so fast—for Charley was leaving the room in eager haste. Do you know where my house is?"

"To be sure, sir—Bayswater. I have been up there with messages for you."

"So that's young Raynor, is it?" cried the gentleman at the fire, turning round as Charles went out, and taking a look at his back.

"It is young Raynor, one of our copying clerks," acquiesced Mr. Preen. "But I never knew he was one of the Raynors who were connected with Eagles' Nest."

"Is he steady hard-working?"

"Quite so, I think. He keeps his hours punctually, and does his work well. He has been here nearly two years."

"Is not upstart and lazy?"

Mr. Preen laughed. "He has no opportunity of being either. I fancy he and his family have to live in a very humble, reduced kind of way. If they were the Raynors of Eagles' Nest—and of course they were, or he would not say so—they must have been finding the world pretty hard of late."

"So much the better," remarked the stranger. "By what I have heard, they needed to find it so."

He has to learn no end of shifts, lacking means. At first the clerks made fun of him; but they left it off; he took it so helpfully and patiently. His clothes are often threadbare: he talks to and fro, instead of riding as the others do, though I fancy it is close upon three miles. I don't believe he has a proper dinner one day out of the six."

The stranger nodded complacently; as if the information gave him intense satisfaction.

"I wish I could persuade you to come home and dine with me," resumed Mr. Preen, as he concluded his preparations for departure.

"I am not well enough. I am fit for nothing to-night but bed. Will one of your people call a cab for me? Oh, here's Prestleigh."

As Charles had gone out, dashing along the passage from his interview, he nearly dashed against Mr. Prestleigh, who was coming up it, some papers in his hand.

"Take care, Raynor! What ag you in such a hurry about? Is Mr. George Atkinson gone?"

"Who, sir?" asked Charles, struck with the name.

"Mr. George Atkinson. Is he still with Mr. Preen?"

"Some gentleman is with him, sir. He is sitting over the fire."

"The same, no doubt. He is a great invalid just now."

Charles felt his face flush all over. So, it was the owner of Eagles' Nest before whom he had spoken. What a singular coincidence! The only time that a word had escaped his lips in regard to their fallen fortunes, he must be present, and hear it! And Charley felt disinclined to wish his tongue had been tied fast. All the world might have been welcome to hear it, rather than George Atkinson.

The day's work was generally long and weary, but this evening Charles found it light; he seemed to tread upon air. His thoughts were filled with Alice, and with the large he was carrying to her. Never for a moment did he doubt she would be successful. She already saw her, in imagination, installed at Mrs. Preen's.

Edina went to Bayswater with Alice in the morning. A handsome house, as well up. Mrs. Preen, interested in what she had heard from her husband, received them graciously. She liked them at first sight. Though very plain in dress, not to say poor, she saw that they were gentlewomen.

"It cannot be that I am speaking to Mrs. Raynor?" she cried, puzzled at Edina's youthful look.

Edina set her right; she was *Miss* Raynor. "The result of possessing no cards," thought Edina. "I never had but fifty printed in my life, and most of those got discolored with years. Mrs. Raynor is not strong enough to "alk so far as this," she said aloud.

"But surely you did not walk!" cried Mrs. Preen.

"Yes, for walking costs nothing," replied Edina with a smile.

"The Raynor family, if I have been rightly informed, have experienced a reverse of fortune."

"A reverse such as rarely is experienced," avowed Edina. "From affluence and luxury they have been plunged into poverty. If you, madam, are what, from this short interview, I judge you to be, the avowal will not tell against our application."

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Preen, cordially, for she was a cordial mannered, warm-hearted, sensible woman. "We do not expect rich young ladies to go out as governesses."

Well, the result was that Alice was engaged, and they were invited to stay for luncheon. Alice played, and her playing was approved of; she sang one short song, and that was approved of. Mrs. Preen was really charmed with her. She was to have thirty guineas a year to begin with, and to enter the day after the morrow.

"I can buy mamma a new black silk by-and-by, with all that money," said Alice, impulsively, with a flushed, happy face. And though Mrs. Preen laughed at the remark, she liked her all the better for it; it was so natural and genuine.

"Oh, my dear child, I am sure God is helping you!" breathed Mrs. Raynor, when they got back home and told her the news.

"I am all as prevarication; two days' time, scarcely that, was not much in which to make Alice ready. Edina worked like a slave, doing the chief part towards it, even washing and ironing some light things with her own hands, trimming a bonnet, renovating more than one dress, packing, and giving snatches of pleasant counsel to her sister, for whom all this was being done. It chanced that that week they were short of work—the nets, so far as Laurel Cottage was concerned, were taking a temporary holiday. It mostly was in the week. "But see," said Edina, "how well things happen. Had we been busy this week, I could not have given my time to Alice and to work. Time or the other must have been neglected."

On the afternoon appointed, Thursday, Alice went to take up her abode at Mrs. Preen's, accompanied, as before, by Edina. Loverets strange to separation, with habits before unknown, and necessity, it is said, is a hard taskmaster; but, nevertheless, it was not deemed well that Alice should walk alone in the streets of London. Edina left her in safety, and saw for a moment her pupils—two nice little girls of eight and ten years old.

Alice was taking off her bonnet in the chamber assigned her when Mrs. Preen entered it.

"We shall have a few friends with us this evening, Miss Raynor," she said. "It may give you a little pleasure to come to the drawing-room and join them."

"Oh, thank you," said Alice, her face beaming at the unexpected, and, with her, very rare treat. "If I can—if my boxes come. They were sent off this morning by the carrier."

The boxes came. Poor Alice might have looked almost as well had they stayed away, for her one best dress was an old black silk. Prettily made for evening wear, it is true; but its bits of white lace and its ribbon trimmings could not hide the fact that the silk itself was worn and shabby.

The few friends consisted of at least thirty people, all of them very smart. Mrs. Preen introduced her to a young lady, a Miss Knox, who was chatty and pleasant, and told her many of the names. But after a while Miss Knox went away into the next room, leaving Alice alone.

She felt something like a fish out of water. Other people could move about here and there and everywhere, and talk with this acquaintance and laugh with that; but Alice, very conscious of being only the governess, did not like to do so. She stood in the corner, near one of the open windows, within shade of the muslin curtains that were being blown about by the draught, looking alternately down on the road below and across the room.

Suddenly, her whole conscious being seemed struck as by a blow. Her pulses stopped, her heart felt faint, every vestige of color forsook her cheeks. Walking slowly over the carpet, within a yard of her, came William Stane.

Not until he was close up did he see her standing there. A moment's hesitation, during which he seemed to be as surprised as she, and then he held out his hand.

"It is Miss Raynor, I think?"

"Yes," replied Alice, her hand meeting his, and the hot crimson flushing her cheek again. How well he was looking!—how well! Better, far better looking than he used to be. He seemed more prosperous, and yet that could not be; to be of more importance. In one sense of the word he was of more, for he had risen into note as a pleader, young though he was, and the absence of the desk would be less likely to be noticed by him. Mr. Street recognised the good sense of this, and felt baffled. He had now come down to question Mrs. Raynor.

"I wish, madam, I could hear that you had brought it away with you," he observed, by way of explanation over. A railer long one for curt-speaking Mr. Street to give.

"Did not he likely to bring it away," spoke poor Mrs. Raynor in her mild, meek voice. "We were told that we must not remove anything that had been Mrs. Atkinson's."

"True. Those instructions were issued by Mr. George Atkinson through me, madam."

"And I can assure you, sir, we did not remove anything," she replied, a little hurried. "All that we brought away belonged to us strictly. But I fancy Mr. George Atkinson must have been mistaken in supposing the bonds were in that desk. Had they been there, my husband could not have failed to see them."

"Did he know of the false bottom?"

"I am not aware that he did. And still—he so often used that desk. It frequently stood in the little room, atop of that new cabinet, or secretaire. I have seen him turn it topsy-turvy and shake all the papers out many a time when searching for any bill he had mislaid."

"But that does not prove the bonds were hid in the secret compartment," remarked the banker. "He could not shake out them. No, nor suspect that they were there."

"Did you know of this secret compartment?" inquired Edina, of the banker.

"I did not, Miss Raynor. Or you may be sure it would have been searched when we were first looking for the bonds. This desk George Atkinson himself brought from Ceylon the first time he went there, and gave it to Mrs. Atkinson. It was not, I believe, really of ebony, but of some black wood peculiar to the country; handsomely carved, as you no doubt remember. Mr. George Atkinson cannot imagine where it was he he forgot that desk could now; but it had unluckily slipped his memory, he says, as though it had never existed."

"I'm sure I wish it could be found," spoke Mrs. Raynor. "It may be that the bonds are in it. That my husband never discovered the compartment you speak of, I feel sure. If he had, we should all have known it."

And—just one last question, madam," said the banker, rising to depart. "Do you chance to remember in what room that desk was left when you quitted Eagles' Nest?"

Mrs. Raynor paused in thought; and then shook her head hopelessly. "No, I do not," she answered. "I know the desk must have been left there, because we did not bring it away; but I have no especial recollection about it at all."

"My husband's Atkinson was in London," remarked Edina, as she went with Mr. Street to the front door.

"For a few days only."

"For a few days only! When does he intend to enter into the possession of Eagles' Nest?"

"I cannot tell; he is an invalid just now," was the hurried answer, as if the banker did not care to be questioned. "Good day, Miss Raynor." And away he went with a brisk step.

Edina began to wash up the tea-things, wanting them away that she might get to some ironing. Her mind was busy; busy, and somewhat troubled. Reminiscences of George Atkinson, thoughts of the missing bonds, and of the last bonds that it was perhaps hiding, kept rapidly chasing each other in her brain—and there seemed to be no comfort in any one of them.

"Had the desk been brought away from Eagles' Nest, I must have seen it," she remarked at length, but in a dubious tone, as if not feeling altogether sure of her assertion.

"But surely, Edina, you don't think we *should* bring it," cried Mrs. Raynor, looking up from her work, which she had resumed on the landing of the jacket.

"Not intentionally, of course, Mary. The only chance of it would be if Charles, or anybody else, packed it up inadvertently."

"I am sure he did not," said Mrs. Raynor. "The desk was small, it is true, but he could not pack it up to bring away without knowing what it was, as one might a smaller parcel."

"The unpleasant thought that has occurred to me is this," explained Edina, pausing in her occupation to look at Mrs. Raynor. "If the desk, by any misadventure, did come away from Eagles' Nest, it was burnt in the fire."

Down dropped Mrs. Raynor's work and her hands together. The words startled her.

"Oh Edina!"

Edina went on very gently with what she was doing, keeping silence. It was one of those uncomfortable ideas that try the mind: for they cannot be solved.

"Oh, I hope, I hope it did not come away," sighed Mrs. Raynor. "I do not think it did. What a dreadful thing—if those bonds were in it!"

"If one of you could but recollect absolutely the leaving of the desk at Eagles' Nest, it would be a great relief," said Edina.

"I know that desk," spoke up Kate, looking off the spelling lesson she was learning.

"Did you see it just before we left the house?" asked Mrs. Raynor in an eager, hopeful tone, catching at a straw.

Kate shook her head. "I don't think I did, mamma. I can't remember. I saw Frank empty all the drawers out of it."

"Frank did?" cried Edina.

"Why yes; it was Frank who examined the desk," said Mrs. Raynor. "I now recollect that much. It was the morning of the day after the funeral. You were upstairs, Edina, helping to pack Daisy's things for London. I was crying about the money we owed, not knowing whether it was more or little, and Frank said we had better examine the bills. I did him the bills were most likely all in the ebony desk—and he went to get them."

"I saw him do it," reiterated Kate. "I was in the little room with Mademoiselle Dufrier; and he came and unlocked the desk, and shook all the papers out of it, and took them away with him."

"And what did he do with the desk?" asked Edina. "Did he leave it there?"

"I don't know. I think he took that away too."

"I wonder whether he would remember?" mused Edina. "Perhaps he put it somewhere for safety—in some cupboard, or closet?"

"Oh, perhaps he did," added Mrs. Raynor. "It is so very strange a thing where it can have got to. I—I—don't like to put the question about the fire, Edina," she added in a whisper. "It seems to frighten me."

"Then, Mary, I am very sorry I mentioned it," replied Edina. "I must as well walk over to Frank's, and hear what his recollections are upon the subject," she added after a pause.

"But you must be so tired, Edina, after that walk to Bayswater."

"Not very. I had meant to iron the boys' collars and Charley's wristbands this evening, but I can do it to-morrow."

Mrs. Raynor offered no objection. The visit of the banker seemed to have awakened her, rather than cloaked her—as so unusual a little change in the monotony of their home might have been expected to do. They all felt faint with their depressing prospects; and, so to say, from want of hope. Were things to go on as they were now? It was a question they often asked themselves. And, for all they could see; for all the ray of opening that could be discerned; the answer could but be that was—Yes. Even Edina at times lost heart, and indulged in a good cry in secret.

Matters were not in a much better state at Frank Raynor's. It is true no poverty was there, no privation; but the old confidential happiness that existed between them had disappeared, as if all things had changed. The once warm hearted girl had become cold and silent, and frightfully apathetical. Her husband never caught a kindly look from her, or heard a loving tone. He did not complain. She did not reproach him. She did not find fault with any earthly thing. She just went through life in a dead kind of manner, as if all interest in it had left her forever. Frank put it down to their changed circumstances; to the living in the obscure manner they did live. Ever and anon he would try to cheer her, spend hopeful expectation that things would be different sometime; but his wife never responded to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated who can look the world honestly in the face, with equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make his list.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING COWS BEFORE CALVING.—Avoid giving heating food, or such as would tend to make the milk rich in butter previous to dropping the calf. Bran, linseed-meal, and oilcake, are especially to be avoided. It is the use of such food as these that causes the expected birth, when their heating effects cannot be carried off in a free flow of milk, that promotes garget in the cow. Not one calf is first dropped, because they serve to highlight the fleshiness of the animal, but a similar time prevails in the whole animal, but in the udder more particularly. A cow should be well fed, but her food should abound in fle h-forming elements rather than in fat and heat producing ones. The fruit is to come. That rule, however, has some exceptions. A weaker shoot may be just where we want it and the strong one not. Fruit is not the object there, and the strong shoot is sacrificed to benefit the weak one. Knife in hand rule holds good in pruning apple, pear, cherries, and such trees. The shoots of last year are no shortened back. These kinds of trees, however, do not as a general thing need much pruning. Some of the kinds of fruit trees requires more pruning than others. The rule there is they require thinning. Every dwarf pear shows a disposition to bear freely and grow but little, prune severely, but if the growth is strong, one may prune much, or not at all. The currant and gooseberry in our climate bear freely only on shoots of last year are no shortened back. These kinds of trees

THE YOUNG HERDER AND THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

A certain fisherman and his wife had a brave family of twelve sons; and they all lived together in a house by the sea. The fisherman fished every day, and he always caught fourteen fish, which was one apiece for each of the family. Now, it happened on a day that the fisherman and his wife were in the house together, and their twelve sons were abroad, save the youngest, who had curled himself up by the peat fire, and was sitting among the ashes. But the man and his wife did not notice him; and they talked freely to each other, and gave no heed to the lad.

"What is on thy mind?" said the wife.

"I am thinking that I catch a great many fish every day," said the husband, "and that if it were not for our twelve sons, we should have abundance for ourselves."

"Yes," said she, "but I have a likely plan in my head, if thou wilt follow it."

"What manner of plan is it?" said he.

"It is to put our twelve sons to sleep in the old kiln," said she, "and when they have gone to sleep, then we will set fire to it, and so we shall get rid of them all."

"We will do that!" said he.

But they did not think that their youngest son was curled up by the fire, and paying attention to all they said.

Then at night, the twelve sons of the old fisherman were put to sleep in the old kiln, and their parents went to the house. But the youngest son was not for sleeping, and he woke the others up and told them what he had heard. So they all got up and drew away some distance from the kiln, and presently they saw the kiln all in a blaze; so they knew their parents intended to do away with them. Then they went away sadly, and they walked on till they came to a place where twelve roads met, and there they sat down and consulted what they should do.

Then said the eldest: "Let us each one take a road and go our own way, and at the end of seven years, when this day shall came round again, let us all meet at this place, if we are alive."

They agreed to that, and they each went their own way down the twelve roads. It was for days that the youngest lad traveled till he got him a master, who employed him to herd cattle; and the master was well pleased with him and showed him kindness.

Now, the land was under spells, for every seventh year there came a great dragon, and took away the eldest daughter of the king of the country, and the time was drawing near for the dragon to come and the people were very sorry, for the king's daughter was fair and amiable, and beloved in the realm. So the king issued a proclamation that any man who slew this dragon should have the daughter to wife, and should be the king's son-in-law. Many took it in hand to kill the dragon, and among them the young man, the herder.

On a day the warriors were all assembled upon the shore—for the dragon was to come swimming upon the sea—and the king's daughter was taken to the shore to meet him, for if she was not there to meet him, the dragon would kill every one until he could get at the king's daughter. Then they saw in the distance the dragon swimming upon the sea, and he splashed the water like a great whale, and he roared like a thousand bulls, and when they saw him all the warriors ran away as fast as they could. Then there were only the young herder and the king's daughter left on the shore.

"I would lay my head in thy lap," said the young herder.

"Why wouldst thou lay thy head in my lap?" said the king's daughter. "The dragon is coming, and thou wilt fall asleep."

"Oh, let me sleep awhile," said the young herder, "until the dragon shall come, and if I do not awake in time, thou shalt clip with thy scissors the top off my little finger."

"Then thou shalt sleep," said she. So he laid his head in her lap and went to sleep. And all this time the dragon was drawing nearer, and his splashing was like whales, and his roaring like ten thousand bulls. And when he came close to the shore, the king's daughter thought it was time to waken the young herder, and his head was in his lap, and she tweaked him many times and cried: "Will thou not awake? The dragon is upon us!"

But he was sleeping on. Then she saw that he was under spells, and she remembered her scissors. So she took them out, and clipped the top off his little finger. And the herder awoke, and the dragon was upon them. And he grasped his shining sword, and stood up and faced the dragon. It was a long fight, and went hard with the young herder, and his sword was covered with blood.

"I myself would rather die than that thou shouldst perish, young man!" said she.

"If I am to get thee to wife, I will be worthy of thee!" said the young herder. Then there was a long combat, and the herder struck his sword under and over the dragon and thrust it into his heart. And the dragon's life went out with great smoke, and the young herder sharpened his sword and cut off his head. And when the warriors saw that the dragon had been slain, they ran back to the shore, and made great rejoicings that the king's daughter had been saved.

They led her back to the king in triumph and told him the dragon was dead. And the king was glad to get his daughter again. Now, the young herder had gone back to his flock, and not a word said he to his master about the dragon and the king's daughter. And seven of the warriors drew nigh, and each claimed the king's daughter for slaying the dragon. But the daughter gave a laugh and said, "It is none of these. These are the warriors that fled for safety, because they were old."

"I perceive then," said the king, "that these are cowards, and that the dragon was slain by a youth."

And the king's daughter said it was even so. Then all the young men came forward, but there was not one among them who had slain the dragon, though many said so.

Then the king sent out a proclamation that all the youth's in the realm should come before him. And they came, and the young herder was among them. Then said the king's daughter: "Hold out your hands!" And she walked by and looked at them. And when she came to the young herder, she saw that the top of his finger was clipped off. So she said he was the man, and they were married; and the king made great rejoicing.

Now, in the midst of this rejoicing the young herder had well nigh forgotten his promise to his bretheren. So as the time had nearly come, he got himself a swift steed, and he rode until he came to the spot where the twelve roads divided; and there he found his brothers, and they were weeping for they thought that the youngest was dead. Then he made himself known to them, and told how he had slain the dragon, and had gotten a king's daughter to wife. And the brothers told him what had befallen them; and they amused each other for some time. They proposed to go and see if their parents were alive, but they would not let themselves be known unto them. So they went and found them alive. And their parents told them: "We once had twelve sons, but they are all dead, and since they died, we have never caught but two fish whenever we go fishing."

So they left the old poeple, and came back to the twelve roads, and each one went his own way, and the young herder went back to the king's daughter.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Think of a boy of eighteen owning and commanding a ship! This was the case, we are told, with Drake—one of those Heroes of the Sea whose deeds shed such lustre upon the age of Shakspeare and Elizabeth. The ship was small, it is true, and the voyages it made were short; still it was a ship, and it was sailed, too, by a lad of eighteen. The way it came about was this:—

Francis Drake, born on the southern coast of England, about the year 1545, was one of the twelve sons of a chaplain in the navy. The father of this fine family of boys began life as a farmer; but having renounced the Catholic religion, and joined the Church of England, Queen Elizabeth, who liked to encourage such conversions, made a naval chaplain of him, and afterwards gave him a small living on shore. Francis, the eldest of his sons, was educated at the expense of a relative of the family, that valiant seaman, Sir John Hawkins. It was probably the success and renown of this admiral that induced Francis Drake and most of his brothers to take to the sea.

He did not, however, get into a ship, as the sailors say, "through the cabin windows." When he was about twelve years old, he was regularly apprenticed to the captain of a small vessel trading with Holland and France, in which he took the place of cabin-boy. The cabin-boy of a ship, in former times, like the youngest apprentice in a shop, was required to do all the odd, disagreeable jobs, such as greasing the mast, washing the dishes, furling the topmost sail, coiling up the rope, tarring the cable, and feeding the pig. Young Drake performed his duties so well, learned his business so thoroughly and won the confidence and affection of his captain to such a degree, that the captain, dying when Drake was eighteen, bequeathed him his vessel. The young man soon proved his fitness to command. Having made one successful voyage to the western ports of France, he sailed next to Africa, and brought home a good share of the gold dust and elephants' tusks of Guinea.

On his return to England, he found his kinsman and patron, Sir John Hawkins, preparing a fleet, aided by Queen Elizabeth, for a grand trading voyage to Guinea and the West Indies.

This Admiral Hawkins will be long remembered as the Englishman who began the African slave trade. Twice already he had visited the coast of Guinea, and, partly by purchase and partly by artifice, had filled his ship with negroes, whom he sold to the Spaniards in the West Indies at an enormous profit. No one then saw anything wrong in the traffic. On the contrary, the whole world applauded it, and the Queen herself bestowed upon Hawkins unusual marks of approbation. She permitted him to add to his coat of arms the figure of a bound African; she received him at Court, and gave every encouragement to his continuing the trade in slaves. Captain Drake, too, discovering what was afoot, sold his own vessel, invested all his property in the new expedition, and was appointed to the command of one of its largest ships.

Having reached the coast of Guinea, five hundred negroes were quickly procured, and the fleet sailed to Spanish America for the purpose of selling them. An unforeseen difficulty arose; orders having come from Spain forbidding all trade between the Spanish colonies and foreign nations. At another port, however, Hawkins succeeded in selling his miserable cargo; but on his way home he was attacked by a Spanish fleet, and he escaped but with two of his six vessels, and with the loss of all the property invested in the enterprise. Captain Drake succeeded in rescuing his ship from the foe, but he reached England a ruined man.

Although the King of Spain was already meditating the conquest of England, the two nations were still at peace, and Captain Drake therefore applied to the Spanish Government for the restoration of the property unlawfully seized. His demands being disregarded, he vowed to take by force what had been denied to his solicitations.

Never was an oath better kept. In 1772, he contrived to equip and arm two small vessels, and obtain from the Queen a commission such as was requisite for his purpose. Joined by a third vessel in the South American waters, he suddenly descended upon the coasts of New Granada, plundered the settlements, burnt the Spanish shipping, and held the whole region at his mercy. He returned to England laden with a prodigious booty—enough to make him one of the richest private persons in Europe. This sudden attack on a defenceless people was hailed in England as a most heroic and proper act, and the Queen received him with distinguished favor. We must not, however, judge of those times by modern standards. Spain and England, though technically at peace, were really at war, and so remained until the total destruction of the armada, in 1588, reduced Spain to the rank of a seond-rate Power.

Captain Drake had not yet done with the Spaniards. While he was upon the Isthmus of Darien, he had seen, from a mountain-top, the Pacific Ocean. He now laid before the Queen a project of sailing round South America, by way of the newly-discovered Straits of Magellan, and falling upon the unprotected coasts of Peru, whence the Spaniards were drawing cargoes of gold. Elizabeth, we may almost say, jumped at the proposal. With six vessels and one hundred and sixty-four men, this bold adventurer set sail, and made his way to Patagonia. He was five weeks in getting through the Straits, and when he emerged into the broad Pacific, he had but the ship commanded by himself, named the Golden Hind. Two vessels he had himself emptied and turned adrift, and three others had turned back and gone to England. On board his own ship he had fifty-seven men and three casks of water.

Undaunted, he held to his purpose, and reached, in safety, the shores of Peru. He plundered the Spanish settlements; he captured a Spanish ship laden with gold and silver; he sailed along the coast of California, of which he took formal possession, in the name of the Queen of England. Then, laden deep with booty, he thought to find a northern passage back into the Atlantic. Northward he sailed until he reached the region of eternal cold, but found no gap in the ice-bound coast. Desirous, above all things, to avoid the Spanish cruisers, he came to the resolution to sail westward, and endeavor to reach England by completing the circumnavigation of the globe. He accomplished his purpose, and reached England in 1580, after an absence of two years, nine months and thirteen days. This was regarded as an immense achievement. The Queen knighted Captain Drake, and came on board his ship, where she partook of a banquet; and when the Spanish King demanded his surrender as a buccaneer, she refused to give him up.

Drake soon had an opportunity of glutting his vengeance against the Spaniards. Such exploits as his, sanctioned and rewarded by the Queen of England, led finally to open and declared war between the two Powers. Again, in command of a powerful fleet, he ravaged and plundered the Spanish towns in America, and visiting Virginia, brought away the settlers planted there by Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1587, with a fleet of thirty armed ships, he sailed boldly into Cadiz, and there destroyed a hundred Spanish vessels, which he called "singeing the beard of the King of Spain." Next year, the Invincible Armada approached the shores of England. On the great, immortal day which saw that mighty armament defeated and dispersed, Sir Francis Drake was second in command of the British fleet, and bore a man's part in the tremendous conflict. In the year following, he was again on the coast of Spain with a great fleet, desolating every point which he attacked, and keeping the whole peninsula in terror.

There was then a short interval of peace between the two countries, during which Admiral Drake represented the town of Plymouth in parliament. War being renewed in 1594, we see him once more in the West Indies, under his old patron, Sir John Hawkins. This was the last of his services. Hawkins dying from a wound received in action, Drake assumed command of the forces, and committed great havoc among the Spanish settlements; but part of his troops having met with a reverse, he took it so much to heart that he fell ill of a fever. He died on board his ship, aged fifty years, and his remains were committed to the deep.

SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly, to a certain extent, erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence, are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends.

Those who die by violence or accidents, undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shuffle off this mortal coil!" more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head, and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which cause such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it; but it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the "leaden messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dead man!"

A dagger-wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the mere sensations of pains in the parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds—a flushing thought of home, friends, and family, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily-burdened railroad carriage must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing perhaps of any which can be imagined. He may live, and have a being for days, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings, and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance, his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in the full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of this *viscus*. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

AFFECTION OF ELEPHANTS FOR EACH OTHER.

That elephants are susceptible of the most tender attachment to one another evinced by the following occurrence:—Two very young elephants—male and female—had been separated, in order to be conveyed singly to Paris; and not having seen one another for several months, the joy they expressed on meeting again is not to be described. Running instantly together, they uttered a cry of delight that shook the whole building, and blew the air out of their trunks with violence resembling the blast of a smith's bellows. The female's pleasure seemed to be the more lively; she expressed it by moving her ears with astonishing rapidity, and tenderly twining her trunk round the body of the male. She laid it particularly to his ear, where she held it for a considerable time motionless, and after having folded it again about his body, she applied it to her own mouth. The male, in like manner, folded his trunk around the body of the female, and the pleasure he felt seemed to be of a more sentimental kind, for he expressed it by shedding an abundance of tears. Afterwards they had one stable in common, and their mutual affection excited considerable interest.

In youth our souls are great and our bodies slender; in old age our bodies are often great and our souls slender.

The sympathy of one weaker than ourselves, the symyathy even of a little child, will aid the most resolute.

HERE AND THERE.

Why is the dog-star so called? Because it is a sky-tarrier.

What nation produces the most marriages? Fascination.

The largest piece of porcelain in the world—the great wall of China.

"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in the world?" "Because day nose eberything."

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess *knot*."

Young Swell.—"I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite Barber—"Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

The Californians are saying: "Its luscious weather." Since the thaw we have been saying: "It's slushious weather."

The Iowa girls report a remarkable increase in the number of proposals since the blue glass lamp shade came in.

A Chicago girl who heard that all scenery should be made uninflammable, washed her cardinal skirt in tungstate of soda.

An exchange says: "The coming female hat for spring looks as if it had been run over lengthwise by a broad wheeled road wagon."

They had a Welsh concert in Utica, New York, the other night, and when the choir sang: "Yr Argiwydd yw fy Mugail," the enthusiaylasm was intense.

An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman, says, "her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

A Worcester mother, having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

"Good morning, Donnelly. I hear your daughter has a baby; is it a boy or a girl?" "Shure, Miss, and it's meself as doesn't yet know for the life of me whether I'm a grandfather or grandmother, bedad!"

A furrier, lamenting in an advertisement the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade, "earnestly requests ladies to bring him their own skins and have them made into muffs."

There has been a discussion about the cost of a dress, and she was wrathy. "It's all very well," she pouted, "for you to expect a woman to be an angel; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I wouldn't be even an angel unless my wings could be cut goring. There, now."

Advertising is a good thing, but when a prominent grocer carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the preacher's head while he read his prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the ground.

The Pittsburg *Gazette* and the Pittsburg *Commercial* bought a hyphen, and they are now issued as one paper—the *Gazette-Commercial*. The economy of this sort of punctuation has been so often demonstrated that newspaper publishers have come to regard it with peculiar favor.

A Virginia hunter says that he saw about seven hundred thousand ducks settle on a pond. They were wedged closely together. He fired both barrels of his gun into them. They flew away leaving no dead ones in the water; but, as soon as the flock spread a little, the dead ducks loosened and fell until he picked up enough to fill twenty-nine barrels.

There is something refreshing in the absolute astonishment that visitors to a printing office sometimes display at the commonest things. "What is that black looking thing standing up in that corner?" is sometimes asked by an unsophisticated observer, and the nearest type answers, "That is the printing office towel; we always stand it up in the corner."

In the little town in which the scene is laid the "squire's lady," in the handsome old manor house, interests herself greatly in the Sunday schools, and is rather proud of her scholars. A Sunday or two ago she took some friends with her in the afternoon to give them an insight into her "method." She chose as her "lesson" the story of Ananias and Sapphira. The children showed great intelligence in answering the questions put to them, and finally their teacher, the lady herself, asked them why God did not strike everybody dead who tells a lie? This seemed rather a poser, but suddenly a very sharp child exclaimed, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

A stranger man was acting as sexton. An old gentleman who was deaf took his seat in a pew, and produced from his pocket an ear-trumpet of curious shape, and, to the dismay of the sexton, raised it toward his face. The sexton sprang to his side, and said something in a low voice, whereupon the gentleman attempted to raise his trumpet to his ear, and was prevented by the sexton seizing his hand. With increasing voice he said: "You mustn't, sir; you mustn't blow that horn in here. If you do, I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of the service or sermon.

Help for the weak, nervous, and debilitated, chronic and painful diseases cured without medicines. Electric Belts and other appliances, all about them, and how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address Pulvermacher Galvanic Co., 292 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
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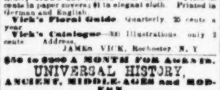

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25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

WANTED! SALESMEN at a salary of $1200 a year to travel and sell goods to Dealers. NO PEDDLING.

BIG

THE FASHIONS.

As the intense cold of mid-winter yields to the more genial temperature of the days of early spring, the necessity of lighter wraps becomes felt by every one. For the lined cloaks and heavily-bordered sacques become oppressive, and at present nothing seems to fill the place of an intermediate, wrap so well and appropriately as one of the many pretty

DOLMAN CAPES,

of light cloth that are seen in such a variety of forms. We especially commend to our fair fringe in a charmingly

GREY DOLMAN

of what is termed "Ladies cloth," a sort of all wool cassimere. The model we especially recommend, fits in gracefully at the back, and has the loose Dolman sleeves, ending in two square fronts that do not extend so exaggerately far down as is the custom with most Dolman capes. Our model is modest and seemly altogether, being elegant and simple. No trimming is used excepting a rather deep fringe of mingled wool and silk chenille. The upper part of the fringe is a net-work of chenille from which depends a three ball woolen fringe. The sleeves of the Dolman are lined with marseillaise silk of the same shade as the cape itself, and the waist part back and front has a lining of flannel or farmer's satin. If admitted, a cluster of ribbon loops of a grey matching the cape may be worn at the throat in front, and also pendant from the centre of the neck band in the back. This wrap will be found fashionable in design and color far on into the spring, as grey will resume its old popularity this coming season. So say the "knowing ones."

Many persons however, of short and stout figure will not find our pretty cape as becoming as a sacque. For such we give a description of the new

ALSATIA SACQUE,

which we are assured will be a very popular covering. The material may be drap d'ete or silk or cashmere, black being the shade preferred though we have seen a stylish model in dark green cloth. Black, however we commend, it being safe. The shape of this wrap is half tight-fitting in the back, having long seams running up to the shoulders from the waist; in fact, are two square pockets with flaps that are embroidered or braided all pleasure of the wearer's taste. A round-standing collar, also braided or embroidered all over, finishes the neck; white square cuffs similarly trimmed, complete the loose coat sleeve. At the centre of the collar in the back is an aigrette of passamenterie with pendant tassels is placed. The edge is corded with a triple cord and is finished with either a band of embroidery or braiding. If fringe is used below this band it must be rich, corded silk fringe, with very little attempt at ornamentation. We admired very much the general appearance of this pardessus.

IN SHUTTINGS.

we notice grey in all shades, cameo stripes of grey, small checks of black and grey, with here and there a bright line of scarlet or navy blue crossing. The raised figures of the moire jaune, cannelure and damasse goods so popular this winter, are repeated in the spring goods. Smaller figures, and a more connected or distinct pattern have superseded the arabesque and curious cashery vines and damask patterns which are now so generally seen. There is said even to be a revival of the old

RUSSIAN LAWN,

in the stock of goods destined for a later opening. Unless properly interwoven, we doubt the ability of such to escape unscathed the mangling and wringing at ordinary lawn dresses. Apropos however of leading suitings, we may not pass by a very attractive suit for the promenade of two shades of grey, clear grey interwoven with slate or bluish tints. The fabrics combined were all wool, one a plaide, finely corded madras of a dark grey, the other a lighter grey in dimension, the pattern being tiny ground ivy leaves. The lower skirt was of the dark grey, and had a knife pleating of the same around the front and sides. The back widths were plain and disposed in many fine silk pleats from the waist down, six on a side all turning towards the centre. This novel arrangement gave a very unique and excellent effect. The knife pleating around the front and sides was fully eight inches deep. The upper part of the dress was a long polonaise of the light grey with the back width made of the dark grey, and laid in fine kilting upon the waist part. This was held down at the back by a band pointed at both ends, and an inch and a half wide, extending from one arm's-eye to another, and held in place by two medium sized smoked pearl buttons. The back was very slightly draped some distance below the waist and the sides of the polonaise extended scarf fashion across the pleated drapery to loose look confided this scarf drapery in place and gave a novel effect, being tied rather low in the middle but somewhat to the left and low down. The front was diagonally buttoned from the right shoulder down to the waist, reaching from thence still diagonally, until it ended under the small drapery at the left side, smoked pearl buttons were used to close the small round cuffs of dark grey lined with the light material. Sleeves of the dark grey laid in horizontal upturned pleats or folds of an inch and a half in width and two and a half inches apart. Cuffs of the light grey laid in longitudinal plaits. A deep pocket of alternate plaits of dark and light grey, placed low down on right side of the polonaise. The pelerine was simply finished with a striped cording of alternate light and dark material.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Hoops we regret to say are tighter and more ridiculous than ever. We are told also that for further disfigurement of the natural shape the new bed skirts instead of being of the old pads and steel springs are being introduced.

Striped hosiery is considered passe and will not, we, indeed, it should never have been.

Walking skirts just escape the ground in front and at the sides we think of demi-trains are admissable when weather is fine and street crossings low and far between.

The wide-rimmed hats reappear in the spring styles, but are principally seen among the misses and very youthful portion of the persuasion.

Lace mitts embroidered in neat pearls are worn for evening by some of the ladies of fashion. Instead of the arm buttoned kid gauntlet. They are pretty on a white, well formed hand and arm, but nowhere else.

Coral pinks and blues with feeded apple green, will be the leading tints in ribbons and silks for hat trimmings and linings.

Pongee sun umbrellas lined with rose color, grass green or pale pink, it is said will supersede the dark blue and brown ones so popular

Gathered "reticules" of black silk and satin lined with some bright tint are among the Parisian fancies. They are to be suspended by ribbons and are exact models of those worn by a generation or two back.

Brown and grey also black ring bonnets will. Normandy crowns of similarly tinted silks are shown among the head coverings destined to be used as soon as frills and veils are laid aside.

Long cashes of velvet with lace ruffles on each edge and clasped in front with turquoises of garnets are made worn with dressy or evening toilettes.

Spring fichus as they are termed, of finely netted grey net-work, caught here and there with stitches of it corrected in shape and having a narrow border of blue or cardinal color are newly knotted about the throat with long ends hanging in front.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. E. S., Syracuse N. Y.—Sent pattern of school apron on 14th inst.

KATE LOGAN.—The plain colored silk will not be too dark for you to wear to the church-wedding of your friend, especially as it takes place in the morning. We commend your desire to be economical and so assist your ladies in these terribly hard times. The cream colored cloth will make a very beautiful Dolman for you. You need not trim it with fringe. The folds of silk will do as well.

ISA L.—The sleeveless jackets will be worn again. They are easily made at home.

NIPON.

GOOD MORN.

BY JOHN MORE.

Good morn, my love, night scatters shadows
Unfolds from Nature's radiant face
The leafy dells, the copses, the meadows
Are full of beauty, light and grace;
The gorgeous sun's with glory steeping
The glowing clouds, the golden corn,
Sweet buds from beds of amethyst peeping
Good morn, my love, good morn!

Good morn, my love, soft zephyrs sighing,
Woo tenderly each trembling leaf,
The glittering moths around me flying
Awake to life and love so brief,
The sun-kissed streams are brightly gleaming
By mossy bank and verdant lawn,
And happy souls of lovers dreaming
Good morn, my love, good morn!

Good morn, my love, the lark glad greeting
The cheerful hum of busy bees
Faint echo each refrain repeating
Like sounds of bells upon the breeze,
Fond Nature sings the triumph of fulness,
In robes of splendor newly worn;
Our perfect Eden surely this is
Good morn, my love, good morn!

ROCKING THE CRADLE AMONG THE SIERRAS.

CARQUENAS JOE.

BY CAPTAIN CARNE.

"What is to be will be," quoth Doles, meditatively, turning a red and twisted visage away from our roasting fire and glancing towards the upper mine, whence he had just returned with a sack of flour.

"Does that have anything to do with the provision market?"

"In course, for who of us dreamed in our youth of paying a hundred dollars for a barrel of flour."

"Or of picking up gold by the handful?" I interlarded.

"True; but I was thinking of Mustapha's daughter.

At this I looked up, quizzically.—"You know the rule here—than to put on that expression, Arter. But I liked the idea of a woman in these wild regions, even if she were a vicious Spanish Mexican.

"What has happened to her," I inquired, feeling my interest aroused.

"Why, it appears Mustapha has planned to marry her to his partner Carquenas Joe, but that half-breed LaBarf has stepped in and made the slip between the cup and the lip."

"How—"

"Oh, a clear Gretna Green case—a runaway match."

"And she's gone?"

"Gone to the d——l."

Doles is grapht if not elegant.

"Let's hear nearly all that you know of the affair." I had taken up the case again with great urbanity, for my pork alive was done to a turn, and if there was a something to be accorded, parched-corn taste to the bread, a keen appetite does away with undue nicety.

"Well," said Doles, poising his dipper of inky coffee on its way to his lips, "they missed her the other morning, and looking around a bit it was for Carquenas Joe to discover LaBarf and Mustapha's daughter as they climbed a distant spur of the mountains going towards the Claimath country."

"Was there no pursuit?"

Doles took another bite at his shoe bread and laughed in mellow style.

"Picture it, Carnes. The runaways had secured all the horses of the camp, and think of errant knights unmeerstanding after fugitives on muleback."

"On muleback, or off?"

"Alternately," was the emphatic and concise answer.

Whatever changes the flight of Mustapha's daughter might have wrought among the ravine miners, Doles and myself went persistently on with our round of duties. After a week's absence we ran up a day away for awhile, testing the deposit by rocking the cradle; and Doles varied this performance by getting in the Sonorian position, squatted upon his haunches, with disturbed cheeks, puffing out the dust until he looked something like an adjustable altar, with the frontispiece hidden by clouds of incense.

By and by rumors of border digguings farther on came to our ears, and we first gave tokens of intended change of base by repeated growls at the scarcity of gender on our claim. When it became known to us that the fellows working Duffer's claim in the ravine were all-ut to make a new departure we concluded also to pack up.

There were some few who thought marriage to be sure, of Indian outrages away up in the remote mountains, where daring prospectors had ventured too far; and as there was only three of us in the mess, discretion urged that we should keep near this party.

Picture us for weeks following our mere, wandering about loaded like the old fellow in the nursery rhyme, with pick, pan, shovel, knapsack and canteen continually thrumming the back and shoulder blades of the prospectors, with now and then the crash of their picks, when the jaded miner dashed his foot against a stone, or slipped from some projection and fell with all his mute on him. We ventured off but short distances and picked and shovel and came together at night-fall, every different organization coming up in a different mood from his neighbor. Some were moody and swearing over their ill-luck, others jaded miner dashed his foot against a stone, or slipped from some projection and fell with all his mute on him. We ventured off but short distances and picked and shovel and came together at night-fall, every different organization coming up in a different mood from his neighbor. Some were moody and swearing over their ill-luck, others philosophic, and yet more cracking their witty jokes at each other's expense.

After a time some scales were found, then some nuggets, and the result was the down-miners forming the original party, staked out a claim in the wild, unoccupied region known afterwards as ——— Claim, and went to work. Then, while it seemed, but little purpose, save to obtain the means of gambling. This applied to more than half the number at least, and, taken in a body, they were rather a lawless crew. Doles and myself and a New Hampshire lad by the name of Sedgwick drew off a little northeasterly of them, and stuck some claims on what we intended should be our mining place.

We had engaged Tulee and Cramps, two natives of Sonora, to bring us up supplies in just one month, and then after that the other claim lower down. The thought often entered my mind "what if they should fail to meet the arrangement?" We were more than a hundred miles distant as the crow flies from the earth and placed his ear to the ground. Acting on sudden an impulse I had wheeled about and with a small light-glass scanned anxiously the region farther up, around our camps.

I made out the whole scene even as Doles, jerking himself upon his feet, exclaimed in reference to that region of snow, for we were where winter would take hold of us, and—

Anyway whatever thoughts each person had upon the subject, he wisely forebear to communicate them. It proved that we had struck upon extraordinarily rich deposits. The blow holes yielded extremely good pickings. We felt almost like scorning our old system of dusting, but days were on and our supplies failed to reach us. We did not dare to spend our small amount of ammunition upon any chance game, lest the rumor of Indian depredations farther up the mountains should prove true. Finally, our provisions were growing so low that I saw nothing but a forced return.

"Doles," said I, one evening, as we were smoking our pipes, "a week from now, if our supplies do not arrive, I am going to move down to the mountains."

"It's mighty risky," he returned. "We are at an altitude where we may be surprised by a heavy snow fall at any time. I agree with you in the resolve to move back down towards the settlements."

So the matter was settled between us.

The next night in coming from our claim, as we passed the gulch where the other fellows were to work, I was surprised to see two Indians squatted stolidly upon the ground near the tents of the miners, and Carquenas Joe and a new chap that had come in and joined their company since they had come up here, were conversing with them. I could make out nothing only by gestures, and in a little time they moved their rascally ventilated wardrobes up the gorges.

Then the young fellow who had joined them such a little time before seemed to grow impressed by his encampment, "you forget in your figure that Pharoah's lean kine ate up all the others."

"It isn't that," said the liquid Spanish tones of the dark almost black-eyed miner. "It isn't their hungry, squalid look, it was murder!—oh, hate—oh, maledicto! If I could but say—speak such a horror as I felt—yes, I will say it. There a guard—moved them down from here."

The little fellow went on incoherently, while his handsome mulatto-hued features worked convulsively.

Carquenas Joe laughed out as I had not heard him laugh since he had been so lightly tossed to the wind by Mustapha's daughter.

"Rosa," said he, kindly but banteringly, "you are a little coward. You should have tarried at Jericho until your beard was grown."

A fiery flush dyed Roscoe's face a vivid crimson for a moment and then he turned upon his heel, without one more word.

"Joe," said I, "what do you make of that boy's feelings?"

"Simply that they *are* a boy's feelings—nothing more."

Still I am strangely impressed with a sense of danger."

"Brought on by the sight of an old Hamath and a very pompous, very dirty and ragged brave begging for corn in camp."

Somehow Joe's raillery bit me on a sensitive spot, as it had seemed to in the case of the little Spanish half-breed. I busied myself in the cabin to consult Doles and our other messmate, Sedgwick. To my infinite disgust they treated the matter in precisely the same spirit as Carquenas Joe had done. I did not wonder so much at the indifference of the latter, for he had beat about the world so much that he never disturbed himself about danger until it overhauled him. Who he was and what his name were matters of mystery. It was enough for the rough and motley crew of miners to know that he had hailed from the Carquenas, to get that prefix attached to him, after which it would be likely to stick to him all the rest of his days. He was above the average miner, drank and gambled less, and seemed to meet life with an even front, until the flight of Mustapha's daughter, when he was oftener seen carousing with the more lawless and bade fair to go to bad entirely.

Well, finding that no one was likely, in the least, to sympathize in my strange distrust of our continued good luck, in due season I gave myself on that score enough, and thought to sleep; but Indians of all sizes floated and pranced before my dozing vision. The incubus state grew upon me, until in many jerks rioted around loosely as could be contained in a four-acre realm of *delirium tremens*. By and by this state became unbearable. I arose, lighted my morning pipe, and stepped out of the cabin.

Nothing could be pictured more sublime than night among the Sierras. So still, for the few sounds of night, with their brief and brittle echoes, seemed only to make the stillness the more lonely, felt, and they awoke, gave out their weird sounds, and died among the mountain passes. It was hard to realize, standing far up the mountain side, and looking down upon the earth, with a myriad of stars, the far reach of country, bounded by iron rocks and wooded ridges, without one moving, living thing crossing the range of vision, that there were numerous cities on earth, teeming with almost countless inhabitants; nosy, riotous cities, rumbling, jarring, scuffling, laughing, wrestling; living and dying under the dome of the great starlighted pavilion; for, to me, standing there with the small camp near and the large camp of miners a few rods away, with my mind bounded hardly by the hills around me, that every human sound was hushed over the whole planet's circuit and diameter.

The night at that elevation was chill, but some unaccountable fever of mind caused me to shake myself heavily like a mastiff arousing from slumber. It was a full, realizing sense of our isolation—a handful of men far beyond the reach of all help, and the unseen, undreamed of dangers that might even then be near us. I must have been outside more than an hour when from far down in the mountains I heard and the blood thrilling through my veins, while my heart bumped away like the balance of an engine.

I could hear the echoes, could almost hear the "hi-yup! yup!" of the drivers of the mule teams winding up the difficult mountain path with our provisions.

I aroused Doles, who in a moment was outside with me. The more practical planner of more distinct now. We called up our messmate, and he in turn, dashed across to the large camp, and in less than ten minutes from the time the first echo had reached my ear from the foot-hills, half our number sprang away over the boulders and down the gorges to meet the muleteers.

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We rushed pell-mell towards the large camp where the remainder of the boys had made their stand for life.

They had thought to secure their gold and protect their lives more efficiently by fleeing into the rudely constructed tent, the walls of which were partly composed of logs and dead wood rolled together.

Carquenas Joe stood at bay; at his right the little Spanish mulatto held his post, like an image of bronze, with only the agile gestures bespeaking the driving home of another charge into the smoking barrel.

With his fierce yell—"Rally up—Rally up!" Doles led us to the charge upon the dusky hands ensured for life. The dismayed miners. While, in turn, upon our flanks, the ambushed devils from behind the sheltering rocks raked us with a galling fire.

Every one of us knew our desperate straits: only one or two charges more of ammunition apiece.

Another volley and every man had but one remaining charge for life. The Spanish boy whispered it to Carquenas Joe. The hero caught the words.

"Break, boys," he yelled, clubbing his rifle. "Break from the cover of the tent—to the ravines—every man for himself!"

But he still held his post dauntless and, as he thought, unhurt, until every man was outside, and then Doles recklessly fired his last shot at a gigantic savage who had sprung up from the ground, thinking to brain the hero at his post.

But the horrible outrage went on until dawn. The frequent yells, the wild cries, the groans, showed them when the creeping savage had come upon some new victim.

The carnage ceased with the daylight, and the conviction on the part of the assailants that the company of men in the mines was extinct.

Before nightfall the living remnant came together. Doles and myself, halting and speaking not, after we were we dreaming or awake, stole quietly along.

Like stealthy but limping spectres we passed from tent and shadow to rock and bush, seeking to reach the shelter of the long ravine, where in some of the caverns we might rest a little while, and wash and dress our smarting, burning wounds.

Passing a hollow basin with a sort of rocky cover, our quickened hearing discovered some despairing moans near us.

With every faculty on the alert, we listened, not readily forgetting the previous night's decoy, but cautiously moving a few feet we peered downward and discovered De Spanish boy kneeling beside the inanimate body of Carquenas Joe, recklessly, desperately moaning in the liquid Spanish dialect.

We called softly to him and managed to slide and crawl to their retreat.

"Senors, he is dead—the bravest man among the whole Sierras. See, Senors, bled to death where he lay, and he did not tell me."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Doles, "brave old Joe isn't gone, after living to get here."

"He was shot again, Senors, from the face of the cliff above, he staggered, and I grappled him and together we rolled down the slope just above and I dragged him in here. Ah, Senors! Ah, Senors!" moaned the poor fellow, more like a mother bewailing her child than anything else that I had ever heard.

Roscoe was right. Carquenas Joe lay in what seemed to be a tubful of blood, and just where he lay we buried him as best we might, the Spanish boy reverently veiling his face with his own blood-stained blouse, before we placed the earth upon him. It was a scant burial, for both of us were grievously wounded, and the boy seemed too apathetic to care much about it. As we turned away Doles, with that strange understrata feeling breaking out continually through his nature, murmured:

"We have lain him in a sepulchre hewn of stone, where never man before has lain before."

We cautiously crept down the ravine, dodging at the least echo, listening, halting, hiding, until in a sheltered place we reached the water of the canon. Doles bled our dried and smarting wounds in the cooling liquid.

Towards morning of the second night, as we were creeping as we crept cowards, we met our delinquent supplies coming, as it quite often occurs, too late. The train was ample and heavily loaded, and behind came a score of mounted miners, drawn thither by rumors of rich diggings. Corroborating the report, we halted, mounted some spare mules and retraced our way to the scene of the massacre, gathered our effects, equipment, and cooling lotions, before we should again commence the labors of life.

In hobbling about the ground where our late companions so recently had revelled in buoyant life, I struck my foot against a knife which had fallen upon the earth. It was long and sharp, with horrible suggestions of its work in the black spatters upon the blade and handle. While I looked at it, Doles joined me.

He drew in his breath with a gasp; his nostrils quivered, and his eyes flashed ominously.

"It isn't possible, Carnes?"

"Of what are you speaking?"

"This wholesale butchery. Can it be that white men had a hand in it, or did the whole awful work?"

"White men?"—incredulously.

"You bold Bill Gardiner's knife in your hand."

I dropped it as if it had been a scorpion.

"His clasp-knife," continued Doles, taking it up, and with a chip of rock scouring away the discolored blood upon the handle. There, on a small oblong sunken brass plate in the horn, was plainly discernable the scratched initials: "B. G."

"Wasn't he satisfied with my nugget, stolen at the flume? He, the central spirit and instigator of these upper mine outrages?"

"Now then," finished Doles, while a look of resolute and fierce determination settled upon his usually merry and mobile face, "there'll come a day of reckoning. Right where you picked up the murderous blade I stood once at bay on death fearless night, and I believe that very knife aimed at my heart and parried by my good left arm, gave me this throbbing slit in my flesh; but bear you in mind, the account isn't settled, the book is not yet balanced."

A little later he said to me:

"Do you miss any of our number?"

It was as true. We were burying the bodies of our late comrades.

I looked around confusedly, and did not fully understand.

"It's Roscoe!"

"The Spanish mulatto?"

"Spanish mulatto," Doles repeated in infinite disgust, "have you not suspected?"

"Doles, you are a Latch of riddles. Give me a solution of yourself."

"You wouldn't relish it," he returned, with his old drollery, taking my phrase literally, "but the soft Spanish lament in the new sepulchre yonder, over Carquenas Joe's body—hero and martyr! revealed."

A tantalizing pause, during which I catch the inspiration.

"No!"

"Yes, our missing comrade, Joe's chief mourner, the boy, stained to the color of a mulatto, was, or is, Mustapha's daughter.

LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER.

The following letter from the great statesman to his farmer, at Marshfield, was written forty years ago. It was recently communicated to the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1822.

JOHN TAYLOR:—I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are all well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming, and I remember that a sensible old author advises farmers "to plow naked and to sow naked." By this he means that there is no use in beginning spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes and roll up his sleeves. Yet he saw we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus:

"While yet the spring is young, while earth
The frozen bosom to the western winds,
While mountain snows dissolve against the
And streams, yet new, from precipices run—
Even in this early season of the year,
Produce the plow and yoke the sturdy steer.
And good him till the smoke beneath his toil.
And the bright share is burnish in the soil."

John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting and the little streams beginning to run down the southern slopes of your Punchbrook pasture, and the sun more startling and growing in the trickling water, all green, bright and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen smoking from heat and perspiration as they tug at the strong and breaking-up plow, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow in the great field? The name of this sensible author is Virgil, and he lives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter without even knowing that he had given it:

"But when cold weather, heavy snows and
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast the work while time's easy
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair.
The husbandman puts the sheep, and what the
shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
Of sheep, or bullocks, or his seeds prepare,
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and
So to be ready, in good time, to work.
Sometimes the lusty swain delights to mark
Look to his granary, and the shrill his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
And shivering parboil and his fat living acorns."

And Mr. Virgil says some other things which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did:

"In chilling winter swains enjoy their store,
And forget their labors, as yet full before.
The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure
spends.
Draws chairs around the fire, and tells one
Stories which often have been told before.
Spreads a clean table with the things used to eat.
And adds some moistening to his fruit and
meat.
They praise his hospitality, and feel
They shall sleep better after such a meal."

John Taylor, by the time you have got through this you will have read enough. The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work as soon as the weather becomes warm enough, and then put your hand to the plow and look not back.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SCIENTIFIC.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—The difficult problem of curing smoky chimneys appears to have been solved by Mr. Henry Colford. Numerous forms of a revolving apparatus have heretofore been used, more or less successfully, while they were new and worked freely; but they soon got out of order from exposure and are worthless. Mr. Colford's apparatus is entirely free from the objection. It consists of a thin india-rubber bag, to which a short glass tube is attached. Sufficient moisture to form a paste is introduced into the bag and a portion of the tube, and the instrument is then ready for use. A part of the paste to be examined. Arranged in this manner the apparatus is recently had revelled in buoyant life, I struck my foot against a knife which had fallen upon the earth. It was long and sharp, with horrible suggestions of its work in the black spatters upon the blade and handle. While I looked at it, Doles joined me.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

P. L. WARTON, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Mayor of this city in 1676 was Daniel W. Fox, who was elected in October last to serve three years from Jan. 1, 1877.

R. C. GRIGGS, (Ottawa Co., Kan.)—The poem entitled "The Family Mending" commencing "We are all here," was written by Charles Sprague, of Boston. His principal poetical and prose works have recently been published by J. Williams & Co., Boston.

F. F. GREEN, (Blair Co., Pa.)—Geoffrey Chaucer was born in 1340, and died in 1400. He was the first who made the study of nature a distinct element in English poetry. His verse was also distinguished for humor, vivid description, close observation and the variety of the characters which he drew.

CHARLOTTE S., (Ripley Co., Ind.)—Your attendant was guilty of the ungentlemanly act in leaving you during the interval of the performance and going out to treat with "take a drink" as is too often done, or "to treat a man" which is done still oftener. You were right in declining to go with such a escort on a following occasion. Continue thus to respect yourself; it may be the means of reclaiming him from the error of his ways at any rate it will be safer for yourself.

DAVID HALLIDAY, (Wayne Co.,O.)—There are floating islands existing on various bodies of water. Another curious phenomenon were given in olden times, as stated by the ancient writer Pliny. They are produced by accumulations of dried, decayed vegetable and sand and mud have accumulated, and a growth of grass weeds, etc., has sprung up. Such accumulations occur on most large rivers, and they have floated down stream and been found at less many miles from the coast, with many living animals upon them.

WESLEY HART, (Lebanon Co., Pa.)—The old English song, "The Miller of Dee," varies from your description to be a half-shilling of the time of Elizabeth. We can find no song or tale idea of its value as a curiosity, as the prices paid for such objects depends principally upon the fancy of the customer as well as the rarity and good state of preservation of the specimen. A detailed work on English coins is "The Descriptive Hand-Book of English Coins," by Lawson and Dowsett, published in London by William Tegg.

SAMUEL S. WILSON, (Shelby Co., Ky.)—A good knowledge of American history may be acquired by reading Irving's "Columbus;" "Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella;" "Sheridan's "History of the United States;" Bancroft's "History of the United States from the Planting of the British Colonies to the Declaration of Independence;" Botta's "War of American Independence;" Bancroft's "History of the United States," &c., &c. Numerous biographies of the eminent men of this country during and since the war of the Revolution should also be read.

GEORGE SAUNDERS, (Westmoreland Co., Pa.)—Ferrets are introduced to this country from Europe, where they are used for hunting rabbits. A single ferret will kill 100 rats. They are made useful also in clearing premises of rats and mice, as they can easily follow those animals through the holes in the houses. They are bloodthirsty and vicious, and very destructive to poultry and small game, unless properly confined, being very much like the weasel in many respects they resemble the polecat, with which animal they have sometimes been crossed.

H. L. SMITH, (Greenbrier Co., Va.)—Howe's Cave is in Schoharie Co., N. Y., near a station of that name on the line of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. It is said to be the second in size in the United States. The main opening is about eight miles from underground, and there are numerous passages branching from it, some of which have not been explored. The cave is in the limestone formation, sometimes being so low and narrow as hardly to admit of passage, and at others opening out into immense chambers brilliant with stalactites and stalagmites.

DANIEL NELSON, (Salem Co., N. J.)—The Scandinavian nations include the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. They were of Asiatic origin and drove out the existing settlers, the Fins and Laps from the north of Europe, excepting that the latter people are still remain in the extreme northern part. The Scandinavians have extensive colonies, up at the death of the Emperor Canute, in 1035.

EDWARD YATES, (Knox Co., Tenn.)—The same prevers is often found current among many different languages. It is well to go always easy to determine where they originated. The saying "Those who live in glass houses must not throw stones" is found in the Spanish parentage; their rendering of it was, "He whose house is made of glass should not throw stones at his neighbors' tiles." It may, however, have originated in the days of Troy, who first used glass for windows. The same idea, more vulgarly rendered, is found in the proverb, "Pot should not call the kettle black."

E. J. FRENCH, (Crawford Co., Mo.)—Before making application for your claim it is best able to have an examination made at the Patent Office at Washington, D. C., and if the invention of the same kind is known. Hundreds of patents are granted every year without one else already had a patent, but employ some reliable patent agent, who will conduct such a search usually for a small part of the fee, and be able to have your papers drawn up and application made in a few days, thus avoiding in view of what may be saved by employing him.

H. D. FENTON, (Hillsdale Co., Mich.)—Clark's Knoll, as it was called when first organized in 1778 to counteract the threatened hostilities of the Indians, who were the allies of the English and the Spaniards against the American forces. It was also kept by Valley and the region between it and the Ohio. It was sent out under the authority of Virginia, for the purpose of taking and holding the possession in the settlers and extending the jurisdiction of that State, which was well accomplished to purpose. Its operations lasted about a year.

CHARLES T. ILLY, (Bradford Co., Pa.)—It is not necessary to procure any charter in starting a new lot. They are put into gangs, which at once assume themselves together for this purpose, and make their own regulations. The Indians in the Black Hawk War and the region between it and the Ohio. It was sent out under the authority of Virginia, for the purpose of taking and holding the possession in the settlers and extending the jurisdiction of that State, which was well accomplished to purpose. Its operations lasted about a year.

CHARLES T. ILLY, (Bradford Co., Pa.)—It is not necessary to procure any charter in starting a new lot. They are put into gangs, which at once assume themselves together for this purpose, and make their own regulations. The Indians in the Black Hawk War and the region between it and the Ohio. It was sent out under the authority of Virginia, for the purpose of taking and holding the possession in the settlers and extending the jurisdiction of that State, which was well accomplished to purpose. Its operations lasted about a year.

J. D. LEWIS, (Hamilton Co., Ohio.)—Diamonds are not always colorless; there are yellow, green, blue, and black specimens. The transparent variety is considered most valuable; those having a tinge are said to be "off color." There is no special use for any of those gems; it depends very largely upon the fancy or caprice of the wearer as to the rule by which an approximate price is found to be multiplied according to the weight of the gem in carats, by $50. Thus a diamond of two carats would be valued at $200. "The Sultan of Borneo," says Emerson Tennent, "has one of the largest, if not the largest diamonds known, weighing 367 carats and valued at not less than $3,500,000.

CHARLES LEDD, (Mecklenburg Co., N. C.) Probably any bird of the hawk species might be trained to capture game, if the education were commenced early enough. The falcon is used because it is more docile, though but less so the invention of fire-arms, were often used for this purpose, and were taught to perch on the keeper's hand; their food was given to them placed on an image of a bird of small animal, and thus they learned to pursue to secure it. Afterward, they were fed with living game which they must catch. They were at first secured by a cord to prevent their flying away, but after being thoroughly trained, were allowed to fly at liberty.

THOMAS SAYRE, (Hunterdon Co., N. J.)—A fox can be trapped, but very careful preparation is required. A steel trap is usually used. Great caution is required to leave no smell of human hands on the trap, and gloves accordingly handle it with new buckskin gloves. The trap is placed in the locality frequented by the fox, buried under some light covering like chaff, and the bait is placed above it, so that when the animal springs for it, he is likely to put his foot in the trap. The trap is chained to a block of wood which the fox can move, but too heavy for him to drag far. A successful method is to place the trap in a box in the hen-house, leaving an opening for the fox to enter, and having a chicken confined in another box above, with a slide for a bottom, through which the fox may reach for it, and incautiously step on the trap.